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FRANCES WINWAR: She has the "original talent to take so over-written a personality as Oscar Wilde, and produce . . . a scholarly portrait of an era." *(See page 5)*

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EUROPE TO LET

By Storm Jameson

"THE most impressive political novel which has come out of England, a book which cuts like a knife. It is a fiercely angry novel—'The Grapes of Wrath' sounds almost academic by comparison. . . . Storm Jameson has never written better. Her prose, always fine, becomes here a polished and flashing instrument. A beautiful book, for all its harshness. Read it at your peril."

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You Used to Read It, Too

BY M. A. DeWOLFE HOWE

IN the little Boston world of letters late in the eighties there was hardly a humbler post than that of an assistant in the editorial department of the *Youth's Companion*—a post into which I stepped on quitting Harvard. This journal, as it happened, was far more a national than a local institution. When Grant appointed as Secretary of the Treasury a Massachusetts lawyer, William Adams Richardson, not so well known as he might have been in Boston, Judge E. R. Hoar, who did know him, is said to have explained him to a local inquirier who did not, as having "merely a national reputation." In some measure this was true of the *Youth's Companion,* though there were many intelligent Bostonians who were hardly conscious that it had any reputation, either at home or afield. Reared myself on *Our Young Folks* and *St. Nicholas,* I am afraid I shared their ignorance, and had never read a copy of the paper before I entered its employ.

At first I had five years of it, and later fourteen—in all nearly two decades of the Yankee Victorianism which, before the second term was over, might have been called a Victorian hang-over. The time was still so much a time of reticence that the whole conduct of the paper was anonymous and impersonal in the extreme. When a member of the staff died or retired, nothing was said about it in print:—the *Companion* was itself held to be an unchanging, undying personality, irrespective of individuals. Yet for thirty-one years before I first knew it, in 1888, it was dominated by a personality of extraordinary power, exercised in that cloistral privacy which shuns every expression of publicity for itself. This was Daniel Sharp Ford, who began his life in relative poverty, made his way as a printer, and when he was thirty-five, in 1857, purchased, with a partner, a Sunday-School weekly, the *Youth's Companion,* established thirty years before by Deacon Nathaniel Willis, whose son, Nathaniel P. Willis, was soon to write letters from

Caricature by Low from "Lions and Lambs," published by Harcourt, Brace & Co.

H. G. Wells to Jack London: "There won't be no Revolution."

London which could never have found a place in his father's periodical. To keep the correspondence of the *Youth's Companion* separate from that of the *Watchman and Reflector,* a Baptist journal of which for a time Ford was a part owner, he invented the name of Perry Mason & Company as publishers of the little weekly which soon became his individual property. Persons who wished to go straight to headquarters used to begin their letters "Dear Mr. Mason," but the veil was never drawn aside, and it is believed that the name of Daniel S. Ford never appeared in his own paper until his death in 1889, when his successors felt that the time had really come to give credit where it was due.

Well they might! The circulation of the paper had risen from 4,000, when Ford first took it in hand, to more than a half-million at the time of his death. This was a phenomenal figure when the century was about to begin, unique in those days before advertisers could be tempted with circulations of two or three millions. The newsstand sales of the paper were negligible—it went direct to subscribers enticed from all portions of the country, especially by two devices. The first of these was the annual "Premium Number," an autumn issue which set the youth of the land agog. It was in effect an elaborate mail-order catalogue, fully illustrated, and worded in terms which young and old—for Youth had a broad interpretation in the *Companion* vocabulary—found hard to resist. It offered toy steam-engines, skates, books, sewing-machines — real and toy — caps and gloves; even, for at least one year, live goats, involving strange problems of office care through the weeks before the flood of orders exhausted the supply: It offered everything the heart of young America could desire, and all of these objects could be obtained by the securing of new subscriptions, in small and large numbers, for the *Youth's Companion.* Men who were once boys in country towns, East and West, have told me of the excitement that attended the delivery of the mail on one October Thursday in their communities. Boys and girls, snatching their papers from the post-mistress, began rushing from house to house in search of fellow-townsmen, of any age, who had not already been drawn into the *Companion* fold. The more energetic youth accomplished wonders, not only for the subscription-lists in Boston but for the increase of their private possessions of every sort. When the paper moved from its office on the upper stories of 41 Temple Place to a stately building of its own on Columbus Avenue, and

Next Week

THE CITIZENS
By MEYER LEVIN
Reviewed by James T. Farrell

THEIR OWN COUNTRY
By ALICE TISDALE HOBART
Reviewed by Ben Ray Redman

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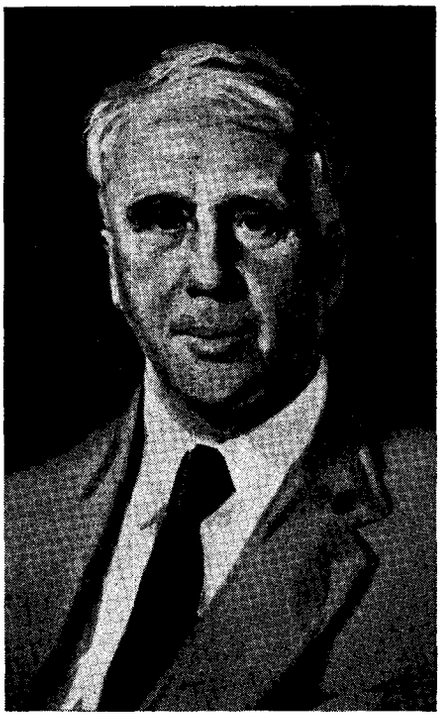
editors were wafted by elevators to the top floor instead of climbing their steep ascent of heaven by stair, they passed enough floor-space devoted to "premiums" to furnish forth a warehouse of miscellaneous articles foreshadowing the Sears-Roebuck buildings of the present. An irreverent boy was once heard to murmur as he crossed the threshold, "Gee, this is a fine building for such a bum paper." It was not in such terms, however, that the boys of the country at large, and their parents, regarded it.

The second device for attracting subscribers was a later autumn issue —the annual "Announcement Number." The lure of popular and impressive names was then believed, and rightly, to possess an enormous drawing power. Among the popular names were always some that were beloved household words in the huge circle of *Companion* readers, and yet were virtually unknown in the contemporary world of letters. They were writers of fiction, short stories and serials, constructed almost invariably according to a formula, dealing largely in taboos, which left a manuscript with the narrowest of markets if it was found unacceptable for the *Companion*. The topic of love, for example, was excluded, and it was only towards the end of my acquaintance with the paper that this taboo was modified to the mild extent of admitting the topic on the strict provision that the love depicted in a story should end in marriage.

I cannot remember that there was any lifting of the ban against tobacco and alcoholic beverages. In what good could they possibly end? The wonder was, and still it grows in my remembrance, that it was possible to secure so many stories of interest and merit, even outside the field of adventure, in which, as in poetry, the *Companion* positively excelled. It should be added that when once a writer mastered the *Companion* formula, he was in luck. Manuscripts that might conceivably be used at some future time, possibly years ahead, were bought in appalling numbers, and filed away in great cabinets, under the classifications—boys', girls', family, adventure, humorous—to which they might be assigned some day in the standardized make-up of the paper. The rates of payment were not high, but there was no limit to the number of manuscripts that might be bought from a single writer in a single year.

Many favorite writers for the paper's special audience might be named. It is impossible to pass over one of them. This was C. A. Stephens, who might well be but actually is not more generally known by his full name, Charles Asbury Stephens, a story-writer with a personal following in his day which, for sheer numbers, James or even Howells, I suspect, might have envied. He was a son of Maine and a graduate of Bowdoin. Early in life he set himself to writing for the young, and was only twenty-six years old when Ford, in 1870, put him on a salary as a regular contributor to the *Youth's Companion*. For more than sixty years he continued, far beyond Ford's death, in this strange position of a salaried writer of fiction. He is said to have estimated that he wrote more than three thousand short stories and sketches for the *Companion* and more than a hundred serial stories. Ford sent him forth on many journeys from Panama to Alaska in the Western hemisphere, and in Europe, to collect materials for his writing. It was, however, on the "Old Home Farm" in Maine, and with the "Old Squire" of his native state, that he was most at home. He thought the thoughts and spoke the language of a vast body of Americans throughout the country, and was, I believe, unique among writers in the possession of unquestionable power and homely skill which endeared him to a multitude of readers without his own achieving any recognized place in what is known as American literature. It was another anomaly that nearly twenty years after graduating from college he took the degree of M.D. at Boston University, and proceeded to write a series of scientific books, "asserting," as his friend and *Companion* colleague, Joseph E. Chamberlin, wrote in the "Dictionary of National Biography," "the possibility of the eventual human control of the conditions of life. He rejected all but material conditions, finding in the individual no soul apart from the tissues of living organisms."



Painting by Keith Martin

Robert Frost: "I don't believe in giving critics help . . ."

The alluring names with which the "Announcement Number" bourgeoned forth every year were not merely those of C. A. Stephens and fellow-specialists in *Companion* fiction, but also the most conspicuous in the world at large. Tennyson, Gladstone, the Marquis of Lorne, Sir Garnet Wolseley, Canon Farrar, Henry M. Stanley were a few out of the many from overseas whose contributions were mated by articles from such Americans as Mark Twain, Theodore Roosevelt, Benjamin Harrison, Grover Cleveland, Whittier, Phillips Brooks, Sarah Orne Jewett—the list might be extended indefinitely. To refresh my memory of these contributors I have recently looked at some old bound volumes of the *Companion* in the nineties. A single group of writers promised for one year consisted of Barrie, Stevenson, Howells, Kipling, and Mark Twain. Again an announcement promise was fulfilled by the printing, on February 13, 1896, of an article on "The Bar as a Profession," by the Lord Chief Justice of England, Lord Coleridge. The next issue contained a second article, under the same title, by Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr., then Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts. This was followed, in the same issue, by "A Rejoinder" from Lord Coleridge and "A Postscript" by Judge Holmes. These papers were typical of the really important and valuable matter to be unearthed by scrutiny of the files.

For many years the work of securing the most eminent contributors was in the hands of William H. Rideing, a journalist of English birth, and of a familiarity with the upper Bohemia of New York and London which would have been quite alien to his employer. Rideing's quarry was the big game with big names, and the spoils of his yearly hunt were amazing. For

(*Continued on page* 17)

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Honi Soit Qui Mal Y Pense

OSCAR WILDE AND THE YELLOW NINETIES. By Frances Winwar. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1940. 381 *pp., with index.* $3.50.

Reviewed by ERNEST BOYD

WITH this, the fourth volume of her tetralogy dealing with the esthetic movements of the nineteenth century in England, Miss Winwar has brilliantly concluded an interesting and ambitious task. "Farewell the Banner" started the series with Coleridge and Wordsworth, "The Romantic Rebels" gave us Byron, Shelley, and Keats, and "Poor Splendid Wings" succeeded in arousing popular interest in the Rossettis and their circle. The field is obviously one which has often been explored before, but Miss Winwar has the original talent to make her subjects her own and, for that reason, she can take so hackneyed a theme as the eighteen-nineties, so over-written a personality as Oscar Wilde, and produce a book which is a scholarly portrait of an era and an intensely dramatic narrative.

Books about Wilde, with the possible exception of Frank Harris's excellent biography, have a tendency to get lost in a maze of arguments pro and con his friendship with Lord Alfred Douglas and of sophistries concerning the actual nature of his homosexuality. Studies of the literature of the period are inevitably far-fetched attempts to pump up interest in a group of fairly negligible writers who left no mark comparable to that of such of their contemporaries as remained outside the "movement," Bernard Shaw, Henry James, and George Moore, for example. Miss Winwar avoids both of these pitfalls, thereby ensuring, I think, the solid values of her book. The leading figures of the time are treated with critical detachment and at no great length. Lionel Johnson, Ernest Dowson, Aubrey Beardsley, Arthur Symons emerge as the vague phantoms they were compared with the flaming personality of Wilde. In this troubled twentieth century it is difficult to understand why women, alcohol, drugs, and Catholicism were their only recourse against a not too cruel world.

Miss Winwar wastes little sympathy on them, for her attention is concentrated on the fascinating career of the doomed figure who bestrode that narrow London world like a colossus. What Frank Harris was the first, I believe, to adumbrate, she expounds illuminatingly: Wilde's school and college days in Ireland and his singular parents, Sir William and Lady Wilde, he, the ugly, hard-drinking Lothario and brilliant surgeon, who founded the Royal Victoria Eye and Ear Hospital in Dublin, and she, the niece of the Irish Gothic romancer, Charles Maturin, and the "rebel" poetess, famed in Nationalist circles as "Speranza." Then there were Tyrrell and Mahaffy at Trinity College, where Wilde was always the successful rival of his nemesis, Sir Edward Carson. Characteris-

Painting by Toulouse-Lautrec

"Oscar Wilde's paganism was . . . a profound instinct."

tically, Mahaffy was revolted when his favorite pupil confessed leanings toward Catholicism acquired in the precious atmosphere of Oxford. "Come with me to Greece," he wrote to Wilde, "I am going to make an honest pagan out of you."

It is the author's contention that Mahaffy, Tyrrell, Walter Pater, and other mentors of his impressionable youth builded better—or worse!—than they knew. Wilde's paganism was more than the esthetic pose with which he began his career. It was a profound instinct at the very core of his being and he gradually outdistanced his masters. They could read Plato, as Jowett could translate the "Dialogues," without bowdlerization, but Wilde understood the love of Socrates for Charmides like "an honest pagan," not like a college don. When Lionel Johnson introduced Lord Alfred Douglas to Wilde, destiny began to shape his end. More clearly and more dramatically than any other biographer of Wilde, Miss Winwar conveys the true nature of this encounter. She shows how he had fallen in love with his wife and how the ardent lover soon became an indifferent husband, but an affectionate father. But now Wilde was in love as he had never been before and would never be again.

The brief story of Wilde's courtship and marriage would have been a commonplace, but for the fact that Wilde's dormant love was aroused by a boy. Furthermore, he was quite honestly convinced, as most modern psychologists are, that homosexuality is not a crime. Unfortunately for him, if not a vice, it was a crime under English law, and he had to pay the penalty for committing what was legally a crime. Miss Winwar very skillfully builds up and analyzes the situation thus created.

The various disreputable characters who were rounded up as witnesses at the Wilde trials were not to be confounded with a person who stood in the special relationship of Lord Alfred Douglas. To him Wilde was devoted body and soul, his companionship was essential to his intellectual development. In fact, all his most distinguished work was written while this intimacy was at its height. Had Wilde been heterosexual, he could have divorced and remarried. As it was, he was caught by that "love that dare not speak its name," and while the object of his affections got off scot free, he was condemned for his sordid adventures with male prostitutes.

Miss Winwar is to be congratulated on the frankness and delicacy with which she treats this great tragedy of the Yellow Nineties. The thrice-told tale of the three trials comes to life again, the loyalty of friends, and the hopelessness of trying to oppose the British public in one of those fits of moral indignation at which even Macaulay jibed. Oscar Wilde in all his strength and weakness is here, with all his charm, his wit, his insolence, with only the more fortunate Whistler as his peer.

The melancholy period after his release, his feeble and ineffectual efforts to come back, his ignominous and degraded end are movingly and strikingly described. We are spared all the usual controversies as to the financial relations between Wilde and Douglas. Miss Winwar is admirably detached in weighing these two clashing personalities, who could not be parted save by death. Many of her pages recapture something of the exotic style of the period and enhance the value of her invaluable book.

Ernest Boyd is a journalist and literary critic. He is the author of "Appreciations and Depreciations" and "Studies in Ten Literatures."

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Dilettante Bachelor in a Spanish Town

THE SPANISH ADVENTURES OF WASHINGTON IRVING. By Claude G. Bowers. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1940. 306 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by ROBERT E. SPILLER

THERE are many good reasons for writing a book, but the best is probably the unreasoning desire to write that particular one. Mr. Bowers, the Ambassador to Spain from 1933 to 1939, fell under the spell of his predecessor, Envoy-Extraordinary Washington Irving, when, soon after his arrival, he attended a three-day fiesta in Granada in honor of the author of "The Alhambra" and other more serious works. Mr. Bowers, the historian, was officially on a holiday from his researches, but the temptation was too great. For his own amusement he followed Irving about, identified the places where he had lived, talked with descendants of people who had known him, read his journals and reread the history of Spain. For several years he lived, as only an historian can, in the past and the present simultaneously. Irving's Spain and his own unfolded for him together, even to the beautiful Leocadia Zamora, forgotten but for her portrait in a charming old Spanish house. The contrast was dramatic and distressing. Mr. Bowers could not help it; the book wrote itself.

There was really no justification for another book on Irving in Spain after Stanley Williams's definitive and penetrating biography, nor was there reason for another book on the Spain of the 1820's and 40's, but there is always excuse for a good fireside gossip on any colorful topic. Step by step this story unfolds as the dilettante bachelor and litterateur of 1826 makes his way through the volatile society of Madrid and the provinces. Little known characters like the antiquarian and bibliophile Obadiah Rich and the Russian Prince Dmitri Dolgourki who was Irving's companion at the Alhambra, emerge from obscurity. Unbelievably beautiful Spanish women and their vivacious American, English, and French sisters pass in review before the discrete but discerning eye of the professional bachelor. The epoch comes to a close when the Neopolitan Princess, Maria Christina, arrives to become Queen; and the American Envoy returns to his home on the Hudson, but not before we have lived over again, more intimately perhaps than in any printed pages other than his own, the romantic interlude of the Alhambra with the faithful Dolores for attendant and Mateo for guide.

When Irving returned in 1842, a royal drama was being enacted with the child-Queen Isabella II in the stellar rôle and the returned exile, Maria Christina, as the chief plotter. The second half of the book lacks some of the charm of the first, for Irving was older, but the events are more colorful and dramatic. They give the story a natural suspense and unity centering upon the plots and plans for the marriage of the Queen while governments rise and fall.

Through it all the American, still

Harris & Ewing

"Mr. Bowers could not help it; the book wrote itself."

an amused and romantic bachelor, retains his detachment. The mere narration of events as Irving saw them gives a better understanding of his sentimentalism than could any critical comment. He seems very old-fashioned, almost quaint. In these days, such continuous tasting of life without taking deep draughts is well-nigh impossible. Our tempo is faster, our feelings more disordered and acute. But in recreating his predecessor, Mr. Bowers has recaptured the flavor of the past and restored a Spain that has gone. He draws no moral; he merely tells his tale.

"X" Equals N. H.

The mysterious book announced several weeks ago simply as "X" by G. P. Putnam's Sons, is now revealed as "Failure of a Mission" by Sir Nevile Henderson, British Ambassador to Berlin from 1937 to 1939. It will be published in the middle of April.

The Trouser-less Philosophy of Mr. M.

THE WANDERING YEARS. By Weston Martyr. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1940. 275 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by HASSOLDT DAVIS

IT is because of Mr. Martyr's abhorrence of the rut that his autobiography is continually surprising, not merely in incident, of which there is sufficient for several lifetimes, but in unstereotyped reflection. "At about this time," he writes in the midst of a conventional chapter, "I gave up wearing trousers," and proceeds to make a philosophical point of the matter. He wanders in print as he did in person, but he wanders excitingly, from reflection to physical adventure and back again.

As a boy apprentice aboard sailing ships he learned nothing more of the world than that it consisted largely of quays with cranes on them, and as a gold miner in South Africa, working a mile underground, he learned even less. China gave him his rarest adventures in the company of Sam Payne who taught him the tricks of seal and trochus poaching, rum-running, and white slavery. Occasionally they did well; more often they lived on fish and cocoanuts. As a commercial pirate in Japan, Mr. Martyr prospered at once by such deals as the sale of twenty thousand tons of dud coal to Siam, but he slaved at his piracy, and it was only the outbreak of the World War in 1914 that saved his health and sanity.

He came actually to life, he writes, on Vimy Ridge, when for the first time he recognized fear and learned to cope with it. His "encysted" mind emerged to weigh the costs of war, but it was re-encysted for several years subsequently, and indeed came close to mania when faced with a peaceful world and the need for a livelihood. The gradual reconstruction of the man makes a vivid piece of self-analysis. He became a yachtsman and writer, and now in his fifty-third year is about to give up his calm country living for service in the war.

Weston Martyr writes with a seeming ingenuousness that conceals the wisdom of his book. All he has learned is included here, and his learning is wide. If you would know how to eat dynamite, or prove the superiority of mules to horses, or outwit your wily fellow, the instruction is here, but oddly enough you can learn as well how one man may mate pride to humility and love a life which his mind detests. "Pah!" he cries. "I spit in my face!" It is a sight to read about.

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Mr. Lewis's Suppressed Desire

BETHEL MERRIDAY. By Sinclair Lewis. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1940. 390 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by BEN RAY REDMAN

DURING the past few years Sinclair Lewis has been giving full and happy expression to his apparently long suppressed desire to act. According to his own accounting he has, during these years, "been acquainted with six summer theaters and with a touring play," acquainted with them not as an enthusiastic amateur or camp-follower, but as a senior member of Equity in good standing. He has been working the grease-paint into his pores and out of his veins, and, as might have been predicted, his intimacy with the theater has resulted in a novel about the theater.

"Bethel Merriday" is the story of a girl, born in a small Connecticut city in 1916, who first revealed her imitative gifts at the age of six, who was stage-struck beyond all hope of cure at fifteen, who starred as Ibsen's Nora—in the senior-class play presented by the Point Royal College for Women—when she was twenty-two. From that high eminence, on which she was not so good, Bethel plunged ecstatically into the mysteries of the professional theater as practised by the Nutmeg Players of Point Grampion, Connecticut. There, as a student apprentice for a whole glorious summer (for the sum of four hundred and twenty-five dollars) she could profit by the somewhat petulant and erratic direction of Mr. Roscoe Valentine, worship at the feet of the Nutmeg leading man and angel, Andrew Deacon, build sets, move scenery, usher, run errands, absorb the sketchy histrionic instruction furnished by an embittered character actress, and even play three bits. She could also marvel at the sophistication of Miss Mahala Vale and Miss Iris Pentire—and then come to know them better. At Point Grampion, too, she could encounter no less a prodigy than Zed Wintergeist, when that worthy came over from the rival Dory Playhouse to honor the Nutmegers by his presence.

From Point Grampion, Beth's road led to Broadway, where an apparently hopeless job-hunt ended, with hope fulfilled, in the swanky apartment of Andy Dean. Young Mr. Dean, who had backed the Nutmeg, thanks to a Newport mother, was now planning a touring production of "Romeo and Juliet" in modern dress, with himself as Romeo and that redoubtable old trouper, Mrs. Lumley Boyle, as Juliet. After living through several madhouse scenes, preliminary to production, Bethel found herself engaged to play Mercutio's page, to speak prologue and epilogue, and to understudy Mrs. Boyle. Zed Wintergeist would be Mercutio, Mahala Vale would play Lady Capulet, and Iris Pentire would be present as page to Paris. For Bethel it all promised to be heaven here below. What it turned out to be is Mr. Lewis's story.

It is a story written from a point of view so close to Bethel's own that the reader finds difficulty in distinguishing even a degree of difference between the stage-struck condition of Miss Merriday and the stage-struck condition of her biographer. (At first one thinks one is reading amiable satire, but the delusion does not linger.) Here, doubtless, is at least a clue to why "Bethel Merriday" is one of the least successful and least satisfying novels that have ever come from an author of deservedly high reputation. Mr. Lewis, enchanted by the theater and intent upon expressing his own sentimentality—a sentimentality hackneyed and explicit in such phrases as "the great tradition," "a real trouper," "the show must go on," and "every actor is a child at heart"—fails to function as a serious novelist. Eager to reveal the childlike heart of the theater, he himself writes childishly. While getting on paper the pattern of theatrical life, physical and emotional, he fails to animate that pattern with acceptable characters. His cast goes through all the motions, but not a single member of the group is roundly realized as a human being in whom we can believe, for whom we can give a damn. At best they are puppets, caricatures, or paper dolls. Zed Wintergeist, as actor, comes closest to being real—among those who matter—but Zed, as a young man of considerable experience, falling for the wiles of a paper doll siren, and later falling in love with Beth, is an absurd figure. No less ridiculous is the quadrilateral relationship of Andy, Mahala, Beth, and Zed—ridiculous, that is, as set forth. Much of "Bethel Merriday" was meant to be funny, but quite as much is funny in a way that could never have been intended.

Drawing by Schrieber

Sinclair Lewis's cast goes through all the motions.

Mr. Lewis has glibly recorded the mechanics and sights and sounds and smells and jargon of theatrical life; he has dealt with the aspirations, rivalries, animosities, trials, triumphs, and disappointments of a touring company—but he has written without benefit of credible characters, and on the literary level of the fiction that is co-starred with fashion sketches and household recipes in some of our more successful women's magazines. Let us remember "Main Street" and "Babbitt" and "Arrowsmith."

Your Literary I. Q.

10 FAMOUS SHIPS

Anchors aweigh! But be sure you get on the right boat. Do you remember the ships described below? Each of them figured in a famous story. Allow 10 points for every one you can name. A score of 70 is par, 80 is good, 90 or better is excellent. Answers on page 17.

1. Commanded by Captain Smollett, this schooner sailed away to Treasure Island.
2. This schooner was wrecked on the Reef of Norman's Woe.
3. Commanded by Captain Ahab, this ship pursued the great white whale.
4. This submarine traveled 20,000 leagues under the sea.
5. A fishing schooner off the Gloucester banks.
6. The captain of this British warship was never, never (or, at least, hardly ever) sick at sea.
7. Gulliver traveled on this ship to Lilliput.
8. Ben Hur was a galley slave on this Roman war vessel.
9. Andy Hawks was the captain but his wife Parthenia was really the boss of this boat.
10. This ship was involved in Sherlock Holmes' first case.

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The Right Questions

TWO books of the last year have asked questions which are already reverberating back and forth across the country. The question asked by "The Grapes of Wrath" has been repeated on the screen, it has been amplified on the radio, in an important economic survey, and recently in a series of articles in *The New York Times*. What shall we do with the migratory laborers driven off their homeland by a combination of their own and their ancestors' exploiting of the soil, and by the new exploiting of machines? No satisfactory answer is yet available, and this includes the vague and sometimes sentimental economic humanitarianism offered by Mr. Steinbeck himself. But he has asked the right question, and asked it with the emotional force of a Charles Dickens, whom he often resembles, in a way which will leave its impact upon the American imagination of this generation. Is not this, perhaps, one of the chief purposes of such literature as deals with the problems of human nature—to ask the right questions? And many a question, asked first throughout the centuries in a book, has been answered with that percentage of right over wrong which is the best we can expect in a muddled world responding to drifts of circumstances beneath or beyond its control. Slavery, democracy, the exploiting of children, freedom of thought—questions were asked about all of these in books now classic.

Richard Wright, in his "Native Son," proposes no specific answer except by implication, but he asks a question which none of us who have read the book will forget. He is like the new school of geographers who assert that superior cultural and economic groups inevitably degenerate if they live in close association with underprivileged, exploited, and culturally backward groups upon which they are dependent. The American South, they say, will never catch up with the rest of the country until it begins to lift the Negro instead of keeping him down. The poor white will stay a poor white until the Negro becomes a better Negro. But they do not say just how it is to be done, being geographers, not politicians, economists, or psychologists. And neither does Mr. Wright, with any conclusive emphasis, in his slowly broadening story of the suppression, the restriction, the inhibition, which turned the most dynamic member of a good family into a "bad nigger." He asks the question, and with such a vigor of piled-up horror and such penetrating and unsentimental sympathy, that we shall be repeating it after him, until the responsibility for some answer becomes obvious to all.

Probably the reason that the so-called proletarian novel of a few years ago failed so lamentably to interest even the leaders of the proletariat, was that it gave all the answers as soon as the questions were raised. Indeed, the reader felt that the writers were more interested in the answers, which were usually Marxian, than in their characters, whose misfortunes seemed designed for a moral, like the incidents in a parable. If the reader doubted the over-simple solution of villainous capital exploiting noble labor, there was nothing else in the book to hold him.

Mr. Wright's and Mr. Steinbeck's novels are very different. "Native Son" is the better organized story:—its swift rise into murder, its ruthless staging of a scene where race prejudice and palpable injustice capture the reader's sympathy, and the refusal of its author to make his chief character anything but a criminal, dangerous to society, all reveal a creative mind of unusual power, discipline, and grasp of large ideas. The question, which first concerns vice and violence and crime, slowly becomes ethical, political, and psychological, without once separating itself from an intensely human context. Mr. Steinbeck loses his way towards the end of the book (and also in the film story) in a case history of California labor camps, where the great question of what to do about the Joads is obscured by personal rancor against individuals whose motives, and the deep-lying circumstance behind them, are insufficiently presented. But he saves his story for the category of great questioning books by the humor of the very human Joads, by the constructive idealism of Mrs. Joad, and by the intimate tie between the Joads and all of us which he never lets us forget. Thus both books can safely endure the criticism,—well, what are we to do about it? Theirs not to reason why, but to ask great questions. Both books can endure the charge of exaggeration, or partiality, for both are convincing in their impression of reality. Bigger, though Mr. Wright says he has known intimately many Biggers, may be a special case, but the reader who flinches at his completely unmoral self-assertion, has to believe in the convincing truth to experience of the portrait.

It is not enough, of course, to ask the right questions, yet to ask them is a great service to civilization. It is a service that the writer with a really creative imagination is especially fitted to perform. If he turns propagandist, all that happens is that he has become more interested in getting votes for an answer, than in the significance of his question and the impact on the imagination of his way of asking it. Swift was no economist, Milton was not a great statesman, Dickens did not understand the industrial revolution, yet the questions they asked rose to the burning point, and kept rising again. If literature, *belles lettres,* to use the worst term that can be applied to it in an age that regards itself as realistic, could do no more than that, it would be at least as valuable as history. H. S. C.

What Is This Thing Called Time?

By Evelyn Engle

WHAT is this thing called time, by man devised
To make an order which he seemed to need?
Star light and sunlight at the first comprised
His day, his stomach told him when to feed.
He cut the day in two and quartered it
Long before fractions occupied his mind,
Until at last he called these segments hours. By bits
He measured these with sundials of a kind.

'Till now we wind our watches twice a day
And set our Telechron by radio;
We rise by bell at seven, ride the subway,
And start our work at nine for So-and-so,
Rush home at five and have an hour to play.
What is this thing called time that ticks away?

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Letters to the Editor

Lucy and Toast

SIR:—I am afraid that I cannot agree with Mr. Davis's conclusion that Dr. Watson's American origin is disposed of by that idle speech of "the child Lucy." For three reasons:

1. Dr. Watson is so domestically and dietetically dumb that I could believe he fancied that buckwheat cakes were boiled.

2. The mistake in the use of the word "toasted" may have been the child Lucy's.

3. There is no reason why "toasted" as an adjective could not be used of food cooked on a griddle, it has been used of cooking in a fire—for instance, Dr. Bullinger, at the beginning of the 17th century, arraigns King Nebuchadnezzar for his wish "to toast the three children."

This generic use of the word "toast" is old-fashioned but, as we know, America fortunately preserves the use of words that are obsolete in England.

R. ELLIS ROBERTS.

Baltimore, Maryland

"Bumps-a-daisy!"

Mr. Burton's "A. S. D."

SIR:—It does not seem to me that your reviewer B. R. R. did justice to the new book "And So Dedicated." To begin with let me say that the book left a very sour taste in my mouth, but since this was the taste calculated by the author apparently and since the effect was obtained from the corruption inherent in the theme, it is no flaw in authorship.

"This sensational novel is a remarkable jumble of bad writing, sophomoric thinking and slovenly reporting." So to B. R. R. it quite probably is—the answer is that so was the decade 1920-30, the spirit of which Mr. Burton has attempted to convey. It may be undisciplined and youthful, but there is certainly nothing slovenly about it. The mere degree of creative energy necessary for such glittering virtuosity precludes slovenliness of any serious kind.

The book is decidedly irreverent, perhaps somewhat carelessly so. For example, to make the bald statement that Lincoln ran from the Capitol at the approach of Early's soldiers is by itself a misrepresentation of Lincoln's character; but it is ameliorated by the fact that the circumstance is not used as a basis for any contention on the author's part. Besides, the book has a sort of consistency, homogeneity of its own in the matter of such partial statements: we are to understand and accept them as such. The attitude of the book is one of deep, confirmed disillusionment, but not of cynicism as regards all possible futures. That is the life of it—the unexpressed but unfailing faith in man. Man must change, is the verdict; no system will change him, no doctrine as such; but this much is certain, that the root of his evil is self-seeking. Self-seeking destroys the best elements in man and in society. The predominantly good-willed are eliminated.

Of course "And So Dedicated" is a "synthetic product," as your reviewer aptly puts it. The fact that it achieves a synthesis of the discordant elements implicit in its theme indicates a wide knowledge and steady vision on the part of its maker. Burton has the power to heighten and vivify all that he touches. The most casual events of life are made to glow with potential excitement. He regards everything more intensively, particularly, imaginatively than the ordinary writer and so gives us a sense of essence. If he exults a little in what he sees—well, we can exult with him.

On more academic grounds, Mr. Burton has both defects and virtues. His plot is chaotic, perhaps intentionally, and the whole does not seem to be blessed with a perfect form. Quite a good many pages before the end of the book the hero and the girl in preparation for heroine are eliminated in a most sanguine way. This is not only a brutal blow to the hopes of the reader, but it leaves the rest of the story to go into a prolonged decline. There is no character left strong enough to focus our interest. As B. R. R. points out, the two slips on the name "Fern" constitute a grave error of editorship, but a venial one as regards artistic effectiveness. Undoubtedly they will be mended in future editions.

I think there will be future editions. In spite of its plot-form flaws the narrative is compelling. It never lets us alone, but keeps us reading greedily to the end. Most of the characters are rather under-accentuated, though they convince us of their reality. Some of them—Jewell, Sidney Wymer and Ronnie, for example—are highly detailed portraits on the dark side.

Mr. Burton is a wayward genius whom it will be hard to digest. But digest him we will have to if he develops along the lines suggested in "And So Dedicated."

J. M. HOWARD.

Gary, Indiana.

Llewelyn Powys

SIR:—Alyse Gregory, widow of Llewelyn Powys, is collecting his letters for publication. She begs that anyone having letters send them to me for forwarding to England. All originals will be promptly copied and returned.

AGNE DE LIMA.

519 W. 121st St.
New York City.

Presidential Bibliophile

SIR:—I am preparing a book on Thomas Jefferson as a book collector, bibliophile, and critic, and would welcome any information or correspondence concerning this matter.

WILLIAM H. PEDEN

Box 524,
University of Maryland,
College Park, Md.

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Mr. Farrell Writes a Letter

In Answer to a Young Man Who Wants to Become a Writer

Dear Mr. ——

You ask me for advice. Advice is the one thing that I am the least inclined to try and give to anyone. It is seldom of any real assistance. People generally have to find things out for themselves: and this is eminently so in the case of young writers. Therefore, I fear that all I can say to you will merely consist of a few truisms.

In writing, anyone who is sincere and serious should forget about the market and the element of commerce in literature, and he should try to write about the material which he knows best in the most truthful and honest manner that he can. I think that a young writer should read as much as possible, and as widely as he can. One can learn more about the problems of writing from reading about the lives of writers than from the formal treatises on the subject. I should read good biographies of writers, and their lives and letters. I should read particularly, the letters of Chekov and also of Dostoievsky. If you read the lives and the letters of writers you will find that they were often the victim of moods of depression, and they had many apprehensions about their own writing. Joseph Conrad used to read Flaubert, and he would feel that there was no use, and that he might as well not try to write after Flaubert: after Flaubert, he felt that he had nothing to say.

Writing is a lifetime occupation—if one takes it seriously. One lifetime is not too much in which to learn how to write. I would forget about inspiration. If you want to write, and think that you can, I would look at it as a series of problems to be solved—problems which can be solved only by hard work, and a rigid effort to discipline one's self. I think that a young writer should set for himself the task of attaining an objective discipline, and that he should concern himself as much with the effort to gain a sense of what goes on around him, and of how others think, as with his own moods. In setting this task for one's self, I would look to the stories of Maupassant, Chekov, and James Joyce's "Dubliners" as models. James Joyce wrote "Dubliners" in his early twenties: these stories are objective studies of people he knew in Dublin. If you read them, you will see what he observed, what he emphasized, and this should be suggestive to you.

There is one question concerning writing about which no person can give another advice. If anyone asks—should he be a writer—there is no answer. If he wants to be one, and thinks he can, all the dissuasion in the world will probably not stop him. And if he can't be a writer, nothing will probably make him one. And there is no way in which to find out except by hard work. Writing should be looked upon as hard work, and not as inspiration. Confidence in one's self is gained largely through hard work, and the gaining of self discipline. I think it is necessary to build up habits of discipline, and to try to be free and honest with one's self in one's perceptions, and in one's thinking.

All writers have been influenced by their predecessors, and there is no such thing as absolute originality in writing. It is not plagiarism to assimilate influences, and to learn from one's predecessors.

I think that a young writer should associate with those his own age who also wish to write. It is better to do this than to try to associate with older writers. Persons your own age meet and face the same problems that you do in their efforts to write. Older persons will be less understanding than you imagine, because they are busy, have their own problems, and their own work. Association with others (those of your own age who wish to write) is very important. You can discuss your mutual problems in such circles much more profitably than you can with older writers. That is the way your own generation will find itself.

Also, I should try to look at objects and environments freshly, and try to see them as clearly as one can. That is part of learning. Writing is a process of learning, and of discovery—self discovery and discovery of the world. It is an adventure in feeling, thinking, and living.

And in writing there are no short cuts. I again state that it is hard work, very hard work if one takes it seriously. A man becomes a writer in a lifetime, not in a day.

Sincerely yours,
JAMES T. FARRELL.

Psychology and Symbolism

THE CRAZY HUNTER. By Kay Boyle. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1940. 295 pp. $2.50.

Reviewed by HARRY THORNTON MOORE

KAY BOYLE'S three short novels with a Devonshire locale suggest how these years threaten the innocent. Not that there are references to armaments or marching men; the stories are "pre-war." But in each of them living creatures (animal and human) meaning no harm are menaced by forces beyond their control. In the first two stories there are implied rescues because of generosity and love. But in the third these things do not seem to exist: "Big Fiddle" shows how a slow-witted young man may be smashed by circumstantial evidence.

The title story, which comes first, is an interesting addition to the horse fable of these times, which has previously given us the dynamic equine symbols of Roan Stallion and St. Mawr. But Brigand is differently seen: he is a gelding, and then he goes blind. The conflict is provided by the effort of the girl Nancy and her seemingly worthless father, a blighted painter, to save Brigand from the mercy death ordained by Nancy's hunting-gentry mother. Technically the story fits what Paul Heyse named the "Falcon Theory" of the novella—that the short novel should have a symbol or "silhouette" (as in the "Decameron" falcon story, Day Five, Novella Nine) that will be the dominant and remembered thing—but it is regrettable that Miss Boyle, usually so subtle, has Nancy's father overtly relate the horse-symbol to himself and to various abstractions he and Brigand represent. The story is otherwise excellent, though in the writing itself may be found the occasional lapses which mark the work of expatriates using a language they no longer live in the midst of: obscure words and badly wrenched idioms leave some snags in the text. But these are hardly important amid the essential life of the narrative, the sharpness of the descriptions, and the intensity of the psychological passages, in all of which Kay Boyle is at her very effective best.

The second story, "The Bridegroom's Body," is also a venture into symbolism: it is the story of a woman trapped in a man's community, which is partly suggested by a murdering, vicious old male swan. "Big Fiddle," superbly told in a more traditional vein, moves from Devon to its disturbing conclusion in the bright heat of Capri. Its almost cruel lack of hope may be some presage of the literature of despair we may expect from the war that is now eating its way through Europe.

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Bigger Fuse than Bomb

DANGEROUS THOUGHTS. By Lancelot Hogben. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. 1940. 283 pp. $2.75.

Reviewed by IRWIN EDMAN

LANCELOT HOGBEN has a trio of gifts that makes anything he says of interest and generally of importance. He has a genuinely scientific intelligence backed by encyclopedic erudition. He has a consuming social passion. He writes like an angel; an epigramatic angel with a dash of deviltry in him. After publishing two volumes of scientific popularization without nonsense he now gives us (or was perhaps persuaded by his publishers to give us), a series of miscellaneous addresses which have withal a unified theme, "Education for an Age of Plenty."

When a physical scientist popularizes his own scientific studies, one has to defer to his special knowledge. But in this book Professor Hogben takes on all comers. He writes as a citizen, as a human being, and may, therefore, be judged—he would be the last man to deny it—by the standards of humanity and citizenship. On these grounds he must be declared to be for the most part very winning, illuminating, and provocative. He must also be declared, for a smaller part, to be provoking and to sound like a young man who has never got over being a bright young man, a Scotsman who has never got over taunting the English, a physical scientist who has never got over the feeling that Greek culture means Greek grammar and that Greek grammar had better not be studied any more because it is a distraction from the studies that will bring us near a scientific and socially responsible Utopia.

It is worth while to expose one's self to being irritated by Mr. Hogben, for the irritation is caused by a lively mind clearly on the side of the angels. It should be remembered that angels (in that medieval culture which Mr. Hogben so despises) were identical with pure intelligence. He is free from dogmatisms either of the right or the left; he sees around the dialectic fanaticisms of Marxism no less than around the obdurate stupidities of the Tories. His creed is that of scientific humanism, of an education designed to make the conditions of happiness available for all men, in the place of an education and a social order which make a trivial round of anemic pleasures available for the ensconced few at the expense of the poverty-stricken many. The essence of his faith appears in his "Education for an Age of Plenty":

> The Adult Education Movement has no need for biology courses of the kind which exist in the universities. What it needs are courses on malnutrition, public health policy, and the revolution of agricultural techniques made possible by recent biological discoveries. It has no need for courses of chemistry and physics on the university model. It needs courses on how an intelligent Government would bring new chemical industries to the depressed areas and how it could mobilize new resources of power. It has no need for elegant expositions of useless literature. It should further the study of language as a means to peaceful communication between nations. It has no need for university economics, university sociology, or university political science. It should be its business to organize courses on the changing structure of industrial management, the recruitment of social personnel, the distribution of income, leisure, and educational opportunities, the powers of local government, the new problems of population growth, the social influence of finance capital. If it demanded such teaching it would widen its popular appeal and it would reinvigorate the teaching of social science in the universities by furnishing them with problems worthy of their resources.

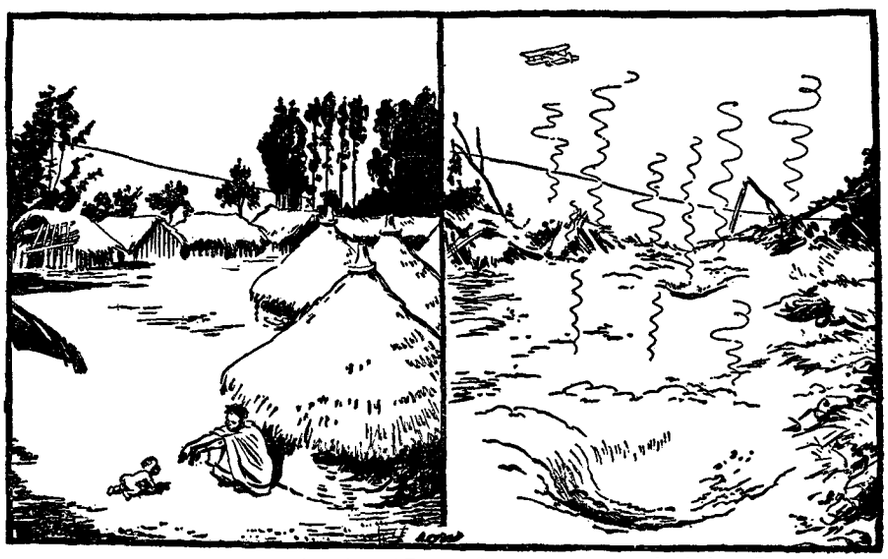
All that is well enough and well enough said. So are many of the things Mr. Hogben has to say about the decadence of "literary" culture. Sensible too, are his observations on the excess of pessimism that are the temporary fatigue induced by despotisms and war. The hope lies in scientific method and the method is still very young.

All this being so well said and so important, one wonders why Mr. Hogben himself remains so adolescent and so provincial on other matters. He accuses his humanistic colleagues of boasting that they know nothing about "science." But he has his own boasts, rather silly ones too. "At forty I am beginning to enjoy the sight of daffodils growing along the Teigne Valley in late March far more than I ever enjoyed in art gallery." He thinks English literature of the last hundred years is concerned with two topics, one of which is "whether a sexually inexperienced young woman of a prosperous class will succeed in compelling a hardworking or handsome young man with insufficient knowledge of contraceptive devices to sign a legal contract of cohabitation." Of course Mr. Hogben hasn't had much time left to read English literature, or literary criticism. For Mr. Richards is the "one honorable exception" he finds to "highly paid or underpaid nonsense among critics and professors."

Mr. Hogben is really too intelligent to be quite so clever. But apparently the smugness of Oxford and Cambridge always drive Scotsmen to exasperation, with the exception of those, and they are numerous, who become the heads of Oxford and Cambridge colleges.

It must be pleasant, by the way, to think one's thoughts are dangerous. There are heretical delusions of grandeur as well as orthodox ones. This is really a very mild and agreeable little book full of pleasant good sense. I hope Mr. Hogben doesn't mind. This reviewer also has had the experience of saying things he has thought were shocking and finding them regarded as gently whimsical. Of course in an age when barbarism occupies high places Mr. Hogben may quite properly regard a plea for intelligence as dangerous. In Germany he certainly would be in a concentration camp.

Irwin Edman is a member of the department of philosophy of Columbia University. He is the author of several books, including "Four Ways of Philosophy," and "Philosopher's Holiday."



Cartoon by Low from "Europe Since Versailles," published by Penguin Books.

Barbarism **Civilization**

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The Boy Did Not Grow Older

SUMMER'S LEASE. By E. Arnot Robertson. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1940. 408 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by BASIL DAVENPORT

THOUGH it shows many of Miss Robertson's old qualities, this is on the whole a surprising book to come from the author of "Three Came Unarmed" and "Four Frightened People." In her earlier books Miss Robertson was (to borrow Jane Austen's opposition) whole-heartedly on the side of Sense, but now she seems to have espoused the cause of Sensibility. Her hero, this time, is Douglas Caise, who, during the greater part of the book, is a sensitive, misunderstood child and schoolboy, although he is presented to us in the opening sentence as "a man of forty, hurrying to his young love." But after the first page the story returns to his childhood and traces his growth; in order, one supposes, to show how he achieved success and happiness in spite of an unfortunate upbringing. His father was the curator of a small museum in Cornwall, an unacknowledged and irritable failure, partly dependent on a rich and bumptious brother-in-law; and the household revolved round the central necessity of always keeping up the pretense that the elder Caise was a successful scholar who preferred comparative retirement. Young Douglas found some understanding from his father's assistant curator, but none from his self-centered parents, or from the uncle who had old-fashioned ideas about making a man of him. And the whole household was musty with all the moral and social shams of a late-Victorian shabby-genteel family.

In attacking these shams, Miss Robertson is at her best. She has always had a keen eye and a sharp pen for middle-class pretenses, and her sympathy for Douglas in his suffering from them add a poignance that lends depth to her satire. And yet, in this first essay in tenderness, she seems to have gone too far over on the side of sensibility; she makes little distinction between a false moral attitude and an over-genteel phrase, but lets Douglas suffer from them almost equally. And though she succeeds remarkably in catching the peculiar intensity of life to a young boy, she lets Douglas remain a boy too long; when we are nearing the end of the book he is still a diffident, unhappy schoolboy, who seems to have made no progress toward the well-adjusted figure to whom the opening sentence introduced us; his maturing and his achievement of success in love and in work are passed over rapidly and unconvincingly. In her first page, Miss Robertson has Douglas reflect that when he was unhappy he had felt more alive than at any other period; and it is then that her book is alive too. In those earlier chapters she has caught wonderfully the shames and terrors and compulsions of a child's world, and she has caught too the feeling of eternity that hangs about it, its peculiar timelessness. But in the course of a novel the timeless is apt to seem merely static.

Miss Robertson catches the shames and terrors of a child's world.

Not Without Wormwood

LIFE'S A CIRCUS. By Lady Eleanor Smith. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1940. 339 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by RICHARD A. CORDELL

THIS book has an odd title for an autobiography coming out of harassed England (it was published in England, however, three weeks before the outbreak of the war), but it denotes exactly the gaiety and color of the book and the author's personal philosophy. Although the novelist's story is vivid and amusing, it is vaguely unsatisfying and incomplete. Lady Eleanor enterprisingly and courageously skims the picturesque froth off the surfaces of life, but—not because she is shy, for quite to the contrary, she is almost impudently egotistical—and of the really interesting people around her. To her father's house came Churchill, Lloyd George, Beaverbrook, Albert and David Windsor, Arnold Bennett, Serge Lifar, Sir John Lavery, the Chamberlains, and many others who were creating modern art and history. One does not have to yearn for a volume of anecdotes about celebrities (that way dullness lies) to feel that her preoccupation with gypsies, boxers, and animal trainers deprives her story of a significance it might have as a story of our times.

But what a life! On the maternal side she is a direct descendant of Joseph Severn, the painter friend of Keats, and among her father's forbears were a pugilist and a gypsy. Her father was the first Earl of Birkenhead, a brilliant jurist who rose to be Secretary of State for India, and finally Lord Chancellor. Vigorously resisting formal education, she learned her foreign languages abroad, English composition in Fleet Street, a knowledge of literature in the vast family library (here the accidental discovery of George Borrow changed the whole pattern of her life), and morsels of art, history, economics, and sociology anywhere from the Birkenhead political dinners to the gypsy camps. The annual Christmas visit with the Marlboroughs at Blenheim Palace, numerous jaunts to the Continent, Africa, and America, tours with circuses and theatrical troupes, intimate association with English, Spanish, and Balkan gypsies, stormy wooing by a Chicago gangster (now a resident of Devil's Island), partnership in a fashionable dress establishment, writing apprenticeship as a gossip-columnist and film critic, success as a popular novelist—never again will readers and critics speak of Lady Eleanor's "fertile imagination," for the adventures and backgrounds of "The Red Wagon," "Flamenco," and "The Spanish House" are largely taken from life.

"Life's a Circus" is a scrappy book, witty and diverting (the author has never ceased looking at the world with the trained journalist's eye), but often teasing in its omissions and abrupt, unexplained jumps from one set of experiences to another. We should like, for instance, many more pages about her remarkable, whimsical father, the "Birk" of Arnold Bennett's journals and letters, and about her Grandmother Furneaux, an indomitable old lady who once stood up in the Lyceum and hissed Irving when he "ranted." Of the gypsies' charm, however, Lady Eleanor fails to persuade us; except for the exuberant and passionate Maléna they strike us as tiresome and dull. The book is not without wormwood. For an attack on the English boarding school as merciless and savage as Lady Eleanor's one would have to turn back to Dickens and Charlotte Brontë, and her remarks about America are almost always abusive. "Life's a Circus" is by no means a significant book, but it is bright and entertaining, and always slightly astonishing.

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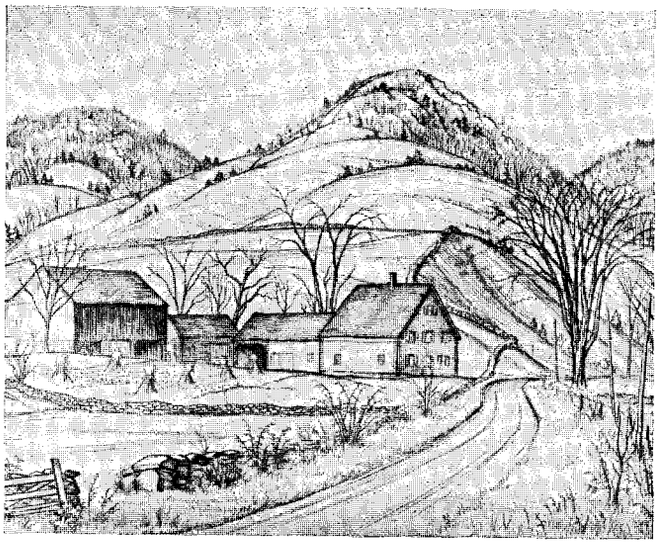
BOOK PREVIEW*

A Southerner Discovers Peterborough, N. H.

BY JONATHAN DANIELS



Drypoint by Andrew R. Butler from "Fine Prints of the Year, 1932."
New England Retreat

I HAD been thinking about the meaning of the MacDowell Colony in Peterborough, N. H., where so many excellent books had been written and where in 1938, the wind, which is not interested in the arts, had hit such a blow.

Men had come to the New Hampshire town to write in its quietness for the world. For them that spring of 1939 an old lady played Edward MacDowell's music up and down the land. Marian MacDowell was in Florida giving a concert for the benefit of the Colony, and she had been in New York. Music made by her dead husband long ago rose above her old hands on black and white keys. The New Hampshire woods were in that music. Back in Peterborough was the sound of the ax and the saw, the smell of the brush fires. But there had to be peace beyond them, peace for men to make more music, more books, more pictures. The land had to be cleared, the timber removed, the studios repaired. There had to be order. The old lady went up and down the land playing, playing and pleading, also, in order that in the memory of one man others might have the chance to work in guarded quietness in the New Hampshire woods. Edward MacDowell had been dead nearly thirty years when the wind blew. In those years his widow had kept a promise made to him before he died. Between MacDowell's tragic insanity and God's wind she had tended a wood to make it possible for other men and women to have the peace in it he had found and to make it productive as he had done. In those years words and music had come out of her wood as from an enchanted place.

(I admired the place but, instinctively, I knew that I should not like it. Congregated poets and painters and pianists make too rich an atmosphere for me. Too much genius—if there is any such thing—in the process of being a genius on paper or in person generates a sort of gas which can be so poisonous you expect it to kill the leaves on the trees.) The ax sounded in it that May morning when I came down the New Hampshire road from Manchester to Peterborough. Mrs. MacDowell was not at the MacDowell Colony when I came.

"I am sorry I was not about when you visited the Colony," she wrote me, "and only wish you might have seen it in its full beauty. I am facing an enormous task, financially and physically, but those two hundred acres have to be cleared before we can open the Colony in 1940—but it must be done!"

I almost missed the Colony as well as its mistress. The old gentleman who sold me the postcards and the homemade horehound candy in Peterborough told me how to go, but I was lost almost as soon as I was out of sight of his store. A woman who displayed the dependable calves of her legs as she bent to brush out the back of her car turned to set me right again. Her directions led me better than she knew, for at the end of them I found young George Wanamaker Pettigrew, late of Florence, South Carolina, late of the forestry school at the North Carolina State College. He had been called from a Federal forest in Louisiana to southern New Hampshire. He and his young wife, who came from my own town of Raleigh, had been living in Nashua, where they had found good board for twelve dollars a week. They were looking for as good a living in Peterborough. He liked the Yankees.

"I don't notice much difference in them," he said, "but they spot me every time."

I am not surprised. I remember how he stood talking to the one person present at the Colony center to which he led me. There was a police dog there who came like a wolf roaring at us, but a little dark-skinned woman with smooth dark hair came out crying him off, "Tilo! Tilo!" The dog withdrew reluctantly, and Pettigrew addressed her. Under his green forester's hat, he wore nondescript working clothes on his slight figure. He stood with his green hat in his hand talking to the woman. Not merely was his prematurely gray hair uncovered, also there was a just perceptible bow like a part of gallantry in his figure. He looked like a man for romance who had ridden up the road from the South. The Latin-looking woman opened her mouth in a thick brogue. She could not let us in to any of the studios, she said. She could not show us the houses. But there was a studio just a little way off. She pointed across a hillside where prostrate juniper grew close to the earth. We could look into its windows.

We walked about the empty place where so much work had been done. Perhaps the MacDowell Colony began when Marian Griswold Nevins went to Darmstadt long ago to study, and to her disappointment found her teacher to be not a European but another American. The disappointment did not last, and in 1884 she and Edward MacDowell were married. It was after his distinguished career back home began in 1888 that they began to go to the wooded farm near Peterborough where he wrote some of his finest compositions—"To a Wild Rose," "To a Water Lily." They continued to go there, in retreat for composition, after MacDowell became the first professor of music at Columbia

*The Saturday Review *presents a condensation of a chapter from "A Southerner Discovers New England," by Jonathan Daniels, to be published next month by the Macmillan Company.*

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University and after he resigned in 1905 following a faculty division over the place of music in the curriculum. Then at forty-four he was near the end of his life. Soon afterwards the mental disorder of which he died began to plague him. And remembering peace at Peterborough, he put the idea of the same possibility for others into his wife's hand, and she sealed it with her life. The Colony began with the organization of the MacDowell Association in 1907. In January, 1908, the American composer was dead. The man's idea grew under the woman's tending. Men in the studios worked on scores and sentences until the September afternoon before the storm. Mrs. MacDowell was on the road from Peterborough to Boston in the wind. They saw the wind's waste in the morning. It was still there to be seen in the spring.

When we came to the center of the Colony there was Emil Tonieri, an Italian who had been active in the two hundred and more acres of the Colony's trees for thirty years.

When the trees stood straight and old, no writer could hear any composer's piano, nor any painter any writer's typewriter. Each worker looked upon a private world around him in which he could chew his pencils and dream about royalties and Pulitzer Prizes or brood about his girls and his debts. In an hour the wind had changed it. Men who had left a task in their studios that September evening could not get back to it over the cluttered paths and roads. It would be nearly two years from that hour before any went back to work in the little separate workshops in the woods. Two years can sometimes make as much change as a wind.

For sixteen dollars a week (and less or nothing, depending on need and talent) some fifty creative artists, chosen on the basis of both performance and promise, had each summer received bed and board and the companionship of other such workers at the center, and the absolute privacy of their individual studios all day long. There were no telephones in the studios, few visitors. Lunch was deposited at the studio doors in baskets. At evening all gathered together. Nobody could go to his studio at night. There were rules against outside social contacts.

The result of their work has been the best test of the sense of the system. The MacDowell Colony is, of course, no longer such a solitude as Edward MacDowell himself found long ago. There are still, however, plenty of acres per poet, room enough for the seclusion of writers. It was designed for those who want to work. It is neither such a free congregation of writers and playwrights as grew at Provincetown nor such a school for the hopeful in the arts as is to be found in the summertime for painters on Cape Cod or writers at Bread Loaf. It is a retreat for the already trained who want to work. Probably, as accomplishment has been counted, the Colony seems from the names of Willa Cather, the late Edwin Arlington Robinson who came to the Colony year after year, the Benét brothers (William Rose and Stephen Vincent), the Colums (Padraic and Mary), and

Thornton Wilder worked on "T.B.S.L.R." under the trees.

Thornton Wilder a gathering of the mature and middle-aged. It will take time for the younger ones to make their impress on the publicity pamphlets, and then they, too, may be older. The Colony is no youth assembly. It seems to have a strong impress of old-fashioned respectability upon it, and of old-fashioned romanticism, too, about genius and the woods. The last, my spies report, can sometimes be a little thick. Bohemia is somewhere else. There are, of course, middle-aged poets who like beer; there was a poetess who wandered, too often like Ophelia, to Peterborough from which she had to be brought back. It is certainly not just a cheaper summer boarding house restricted to the promising (four hundred apply each year, and fifty are admitted).

Under the trees (too many of which must now be referred to in board feet), Willa Cather wrote most of "Death Comes for the Archbishop," Thornton Wilder worked on "The Bridge of San Luis Rey," and Edwin Arlington Robinson wrote the poetry for two Pulitzer prices. (He has become with MacDowell part of the spirit of the place.) Now the tree that served the shaping of a sonnet may be a bench or a box or a board in the side of a house. Maybe Hervey Allen spoke for other workers as well as himself when he declared that, while "Anthony Adverse" was not written at Peterborough, "it would not have been written if I had never been there." That rule, if adopted, might also apply to "Naked on Roller Skates" by Maxwell Bodenheim. But taking the good with the bad, certainly few other acres in America in recent years have raised such a crop of respectable literature.

It would be a bold man who would question any aspect of so productive an enterprise as the MacDowell Colony has been; but it did not seem to me necessary to agree with all the philosophy quoted in support of the MacDowell Colony in order to approve its practical results. For instance: "It is not generally recognized by the layman to what extent imaginative incandescence in the artist (sometimes spoken of as 'inspiration') waits upon environment and circumstance. A great artist, said a poet who also thinks, 'is not necessarily a great man, but he is certainly a man with access to a mood in the times of his power.' And the lesser artist, too, is dependent, often tragically dependent, upon access to a mood." I am not sure I know what that means, but I do know that MacDowell Colony has given adequate housing for hard work. That seemed to me enough to justify sadness at the sight of the torn trees and to justify admiration for the old lady moving up and down the land interrupting the peace of her own old age to provide peace for people who she believes might use it to make words or notes or pigments rise and sing.

I had the feeling that the meaning of this place, when the pines and the birches and the spruce had stood where now the land was so much desolated, was that it gave the artist the chance to take strength from touching the earth without losing contact also with his kind. I don't think that is too romantic. I do not like the word "artist." It seems to me always to be a pretentious word which no man or group ought to self-apply. A painter paints. He can only hope that what he paints is art. Even vaudeville actors, such as are left, use the word now. Anybody is an artist who can say the word himself. But all kinds of craftsmen do need association with other craftsmen, and all of them are lucky if they can touch the earth. That long congregation of men and women and trees in the New Hampshire summers meant something at the MacDowell Colony.

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Wrong Tense

FINLAND FIGHTS. By H. B. Elliston. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1940. 443 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by HENRY C. WOLFE

WE might have expected the war in Finland to unloose a deluge of hastily-written, inaccurate, and emotional books about a subject of wide importance. But "Finland Fights" is quite the opposite; it is a carefully written, conscientious, and balanced treatment of a complicated problem. It is excellently done, well supplemented by maps and illustrations. And it is as up to the minute as the average magazine article. Mr. Elliston managed not only to be on the spot at the right time; he was able to get his material in shape in record time. Nor has the end of the war spoiled the timeliness of his book.

The title might seem to imply that the book is merely a description of Finland's resistance to the Soviet invasion. But it is far more than that: it is also a discussion—and an interesting one—of the state of European affairs which made possible this crime against a peaceful, democratic little country. It provides an impartial picture of some of the sordid power politics which preceded the Russian thrust into Finland.

The author is admirably fitted to tell the story of the Mannerheim Line. He has been a foreign correspondent since the close of the First World War, writing for the *Manchester Guardian,* the *London Observer,* and various New York papers. He served as Chief of Government publications in China and as Associate Editor of the Council of Foreign Relations. He is now Financial Editor and correspondent for the *Christian Science Monitor.*

Mr. Elliston arrived in Finland three days before the Soviet invasion. He explored the pre-war frontier and investigated on the spot the "border incident" near Mainila. Every war of aggression is preceded by an "incident." In this case the Soviet Government charged that the Finnish artillery had shelled the village of Mainila on the Russian side. What Mr. Elliston found out illuminates not only the Soviet aggression technique, but the stream-lined methods of modern invasion.

He was in Helsinki on November 30th, a beautiful day, ideal for aviation activity, when Stalin's "aerial bandits" first dropped their deadly bombs over the city. The shock of the Russian attack, the demeanor of the Finnish civil population, the wholehearted support of the people for the army at the front, the conduct of Finland's army and civilian leaders—these are some of the topics in the book. Mr. Elliston does not spare criticism of Europe's great powers where he thinks the rod should be applied. But his criticism and comment help the reader to understand better the complex background of the Finnish tragedy.

Mr. Elliston received valuable help in the preparation of his book from officials of the Finnish Government. Anyone who has had experience with chancelleries and foreign offices knows how often the investigator receives no help, only evasion or propaganda. It is a tribute to the enlightened Finnish leadership, as well as a tribute to their cause, that they cooperated so fully with Mr. Elliston. For it has enabled him not only to put their case before the world, but also to throw light upon the larger questions of international relations and ideological conflicts involved in this unjust conflict.

Not even the cataclysm of war has blinded the author or the Finnish leaders to the underlying reasons for the Soviet aggression. Thus Mr. Erkko, Foreign Minister during all the pre-invasion negotiations between Helsinki and Moscow, sees farther than Stalin's attempt to ape Hitler's successful destruction of Poland. "Remember," the former Foreign Minister told Mr. Elliston, "that the Russian is a Tartar, and that when the Tartar was a nomad, and wanted to protect his camp, he always sought to clear a protective zone for about five hundred kilometres all around it."

Henry C. Wolfe, lecturer and authority on world affairs, is the author of "The German Octopus" and of "The Imperial Soviets," to be published this spring.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 312)

RICHARD B. SHERIDAN
THE RIVALS

Stuck like a dripping statue would he kneel to me in the snow and sneeze and cough so pathetically. . . . While the freezing blast numbed our joints, how warmly would he press me to pity his flame. . . . Ah! that was something like being in love.

Advertisement

This space was reserved for KITTY FOYLE

"Not a Book but a Woman"

But her publisher, J. B. Lippincott Company, said: "Tell them to see LIFE *Magazine, on the stands March 22."*

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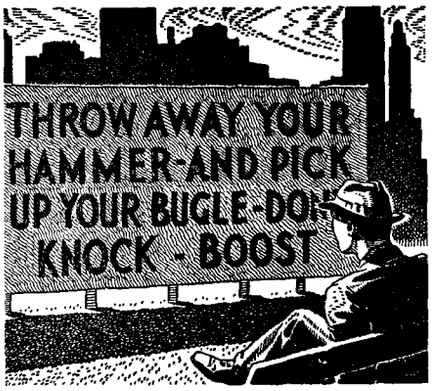
Young Target of the 1917 Gendarmerie

A LIBERAL IN WARTIME. The Education of Albert De Silver. By Walter Nelles. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. 1940. 221 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by LAMAR MIDDLETON

IT demands no excessive flexibility in the reader to transpose the outstanding period of this volume, the years 1917-23, to the present and recognize a good deal more than an academic analogy. Our liberal magazines are howling today against incipient witch-hunts and the demogoguery that aroused the young Albert De Silver more than twenty years ago, despite his reactionary background of "society." Brooklyn Heights, ample wealth, a father in Wall Street, and a boyhood made appalling by his mother's addiction to a Little Lord Fauntleroy wardrobe.

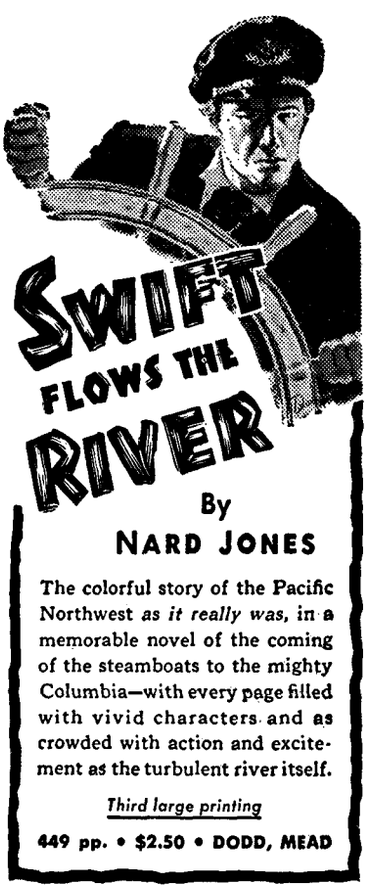
This book is a loving monograph by one of Albert De Silver's wartime associates in the American Civil Liberties Union, the late Professor Walter Nelles of the Yale Law School. Even so, and while it cannot be called a biography, it is more than an affectionate reminiscence of a young man who, whatever the inner compulsion of breeding, education (Yale and Columbia Law School), and personal tastes, extended sympathy, active support, and financial aid to Wobblies, pacifists, aliens, and other protestants trapped in the raids of A. Mitchell Palmer, the Department of Labor, and kindred police busybodies whose members, one hundred per cent Americans, had never heard and much less read the Bill of Rights. He could convince himself of the fallacies of socialism in America (but would vote for Debs, as in 1920), cry aloud at the "communists who give me a pain" (yet repeatedly bail out radicals arrested for sedition and defend their right to free speech and assembly), and on occasion even vote and campaign for the G. O. P. He resigned from a downtown law firm not to embarrass his partners because of his growing prominence in the defence of civil liberties—willynilly he was bracketed in the press with Big Bill Haywood, Emma Goldman, and other targets of our wartime gendarmerie—but those partners would often agree that "Albert's dead right."



Drawing from "This Is My Country," by Stoyan Christowe, published by Carrick & Evans.

He could not go all the way with Roger Baldwin, who writes the introduction, when that director of the Union went to jail rather than answer the draft. But De Silver remained and supported the organization until 1924, when, in search of the concrete, he turned to the "certainties of chemistry." This review may suggest that De Silver took a naive delight in inconsistency, but that impression does not rightly come from Professor Nelles's book. He abhorred consistency because it excluded the faculty of seeing a given issue whole, and more and more he grasped that faculty as his knowledge of men and women widened.

He had humor, a leavening quality that then as now was sadly absent among liberal leaders in this country, curiosity, intellectual honesty, and the gift of making strong friendships with people of every class, particularly in those most distant from his own. When Albert De Silver was thirty-six, he was killed in a freak rail accident; his death seems an insane tragedy for liberals of the post-war generation.



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Mob Psychology

BEYOND THE CLINICAL FRONTIERS. A Psychiatrist Views Crowd Behavior. By Edward A. Strecker, M.D. New York: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc. 1940. 210 *pp., with index.* $2.

Reviewed by BERTRAM D. LEWIN, M.D.

DR. STRECKER, who is Professor of Psychiatry at the University of Pennsylvania, here publishes the series of lectures held last year under the auspices of the Thomas W. Salmon Memorial Committee of the New York Academy of Medicine. His thesis is that the knowledge of human nature the psychiatrist acquires in his office and in the mental hospital should not remain a self-contained discipline, but should be pushed "beyond the clinical frontiers" of these special workrooms into the social body. The psychoses represent "massive retreats from reality," the neuroses less conspicuous retreats, but all about one in everyday behavior, unorganized or organized, are to be found the same types of retreats from reality and into wishful thinking and acting, the same illusions, delusions, emotional confusions, and irrationality. The "crowd-man's" behavior is often neurotic and sometimes psychotic, and to understand it we need lessons in psychopathology.

These lessons Dr. Strecker then proceeds to give concisely, and as a good clinician he does not neglect recommendations for therapy and hygiene. Some general social measures might be borrowed from hospital administration, he thinks. He instances the salutary effect on patients of the abandonment of violent handling. But in the main Dr. Strecker sees hope in the treatment of the individuals, quoting Confucius to the effect that the personal life is the foundation of all. Attention to detail makes for a good general condition; the mental healths of individuals adds up to the health of the community. Hence he approves of the probable ultimate result of psychoanalysis and various educational endeavors.

Dr. Strecker uses many of the ideas and terms of Martin, Ortega y Gasset, and Tayler in dealing with the "crowd-man" and the "crowd-mind," and in so doing somewhat runs counter to his purpose of extending the clinical frontiers. For such abstractions evade the clinical attitude, which is precisely the study of cases, and which is pluralistic. For the most part, however, Dr. Strecker remains the clinician and looks at the world with a strictly psychiatric eye.

The book has a good bibliographical appendix.

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Youth's Companion

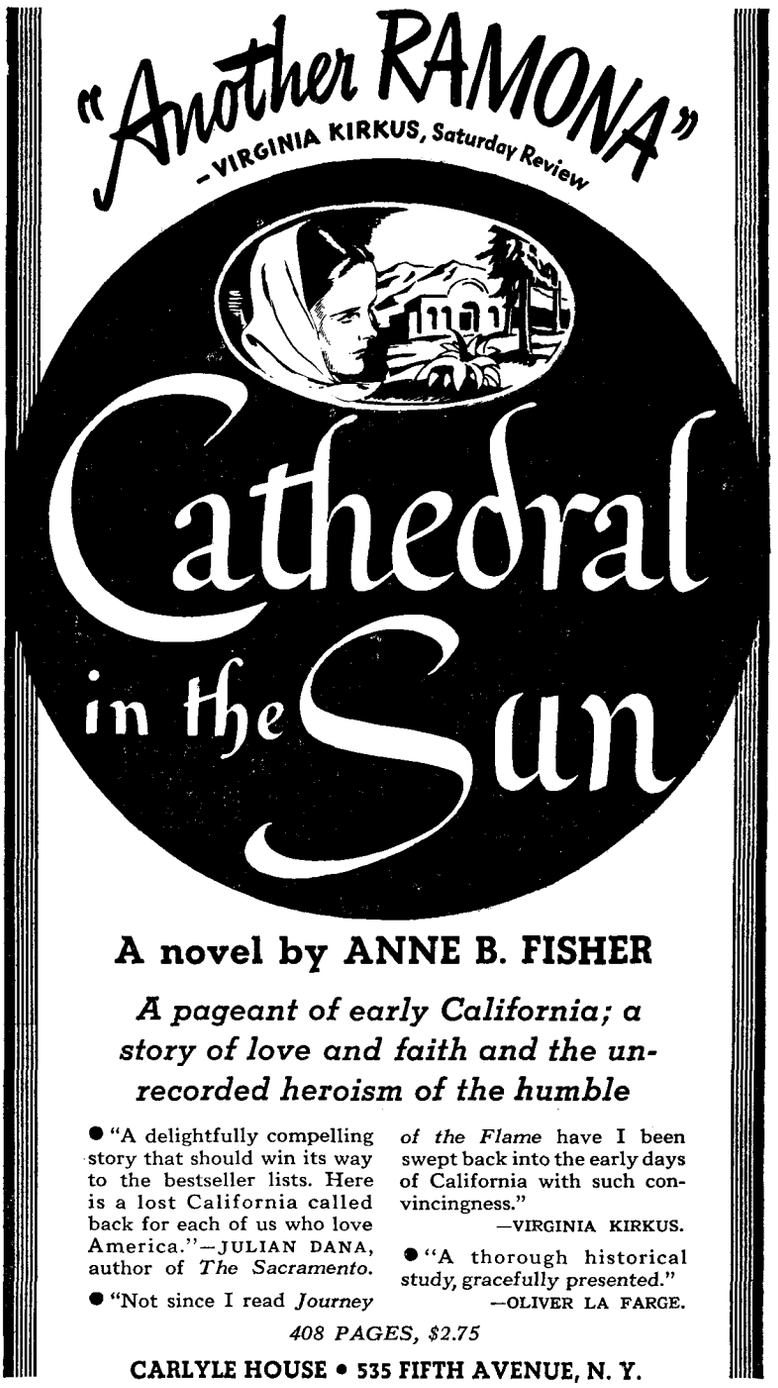
(*Continued from page 4*)

some years he performed a similar task for the *North American Review*, for which he prided himself on having arranged a discussion of faith with Gladstone, Cardinal Manning, and Robert G. Ingersoll as the participants. He may have been suggesting something of the same sort to Dr. Holmes when the Autocrat told him, as he told others, that S. S. McClure had made a similar proposal, only to be told that Holmes "would neither be allured nor McClured" into anything of the kind. Towards the end of Rideing's life he published a lively book of reminiscenses, "Many Celebrities and a Few Others," which has not even yet, I suspect, met with its deserts as a source of authentic and amusing illumination of the great and near-great of the author's day. He might have called his book "Many Celebrities and a Few Royalties"; perhaps he saw that "royalties" was a dangerously hopeful word to associate with any book.

Still another personality in the *Companion* days of the eighties and nineties, contrasting perhaps even more strongly than the Down-East C. A. Stephens with the sophisticated Rideing was Hezekiah Butterworth, the very embodiment of the sentimentality which doubtless contributed a potent element in the building up of the paper. He was a native of Warren, R. I., a town adjoining my own native Bristol. The rustic simplicity which he brought to Boston never left him. Verse, prose, and kindliness flowed from him in equally abundant streams, though it can hardly be said that his writing was as good as his heart. Never married, he led a hospitable existence in a South End boarding house. In the course of his correspondence he invited a Tennessee contributor, one Will Allen Dromgoole, to share his rooms on an impending visit to Boston. To his easily imaginable horror, the contributor appeared one day at his office door, as *Miss* and not the *Mr.* Dromgoole the guileless Hezekiah had been expecting. The situation was handled with as much propriety as if *Companion* fiction, and not fact, had been involved, but the incident brightened the lives of Butterworth's colleagues.

Besides the three *Companion* editors I have mentioned, the staff, as I knew it first and last, contained a number of men of far more than common ability and distinction. Their work for the paper served to make it something besides that pillar of respectability and morality which it certainly was. It was also a vehicle of the soundest information, for never was material destined to print subjected to more meticulous scrutiny and revision. One learned gentleman, a sort of super-proofreader, read all the final proof and verified, through a large reference library, every statement of fact. It was a really educated staff, qualified, in the person of one member or another, to pass upon all manner of subjects, in history, politics, letters, and the arts. Thus the paper, with its obvious limitations, became a vital agency of civilization, solid rather than imaginative, but of positive constructive influence upon millions of lives in the forming.

Let me name a few of the editors associated, for longer and shorter periods, with the paper while I knew it at first hand: Thomas H. Clay, of Kentucky, a grandson of Henry Clay; Edward Stanwood, historian of the Presidency and biographer of James G. Blaine; Stanwood's successor in the chief-editorship, Charles Miner Thompson; Ellery Sedgwick, later of the *Atlantic Monthly;* Paul Revere Reynolds, the dean of literary agents in New York; Arthur Stanwood Pier, master of boyhood in books and school; Charles M. Flandrau, not yet the interpreter of Mexico; John Macy, while married to Helen Keller's teacher; Joseph H. Sears, later president of the D. Appleton Company; Roswell M. Field, brother of Eugene Field; Edward W. Thomson, Canadian poet and story-writer; Ira Rich Kent, now of Houghton Mifflin Co.; and in the "Art Department," closely affiliated with the editorial staff, Gluyas Williams, at the beginning of his career, and Louis A. Holman, later of Holman's Print



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Shop, whose recent death was a lamentable loss not only to his friends but to students of Keats throughout the world. There were, besides, such "contributing editors" as Bradford Torrey, the naturalist, Gamaliel Bradford, and the Rev. William E. Barton, father of Bruce Barton.

It was not the policy of the paper to pay large salaries to its editors—or to demand of them much exacting work. How could anything but moderate salaries be paid to a staff numbering more than twenty, and how could so many editors, with a band of competent "art editors" to supplement them, find enough, in the preparation of a weekly journal of slender bulk, to keep them busy? There was thus an air of what Bliss Carman called a "wide unhaste" about the office, and the opportunity to accomplish a good deal of work on one's own account reconciled some of us to the modest rewards for our regular duties.

My own part in those regular duties was conducted, in large measure, behind a veil.

Letters, as a rule, were signed merely "The Editors." As "Corresponding Editor" myself, I remained through many years hidden behind those words from many contributors, with whom, nevertheless, it was possible to establish personal relations of a certain confidence. Early in the century, I remember, there was a succession of short poems, in a small, clear, black handwriting from an unknown poet in New Hampshire, whose writings seemed to me to strike a fresh and enchanting note. He has told me in recent years—and I take no shame in cherishing what he said—that my anonymous letters from the *Companion* were among the very first to give him any encouragement to proceed as a poet. At Christmas of 1931 that poet, whom I came to know when the *Companion* was far behind us both, gave me a copy of his "Collected Poems," with these words written on the fly-leaf:

> To Mark A. DeW. Howe:
> who many a year ago (a score and a half or so) wrote three words into one of the poems in it, but who won't remember which they were (and I won't tell him, because I don't believe in giving the critics any more help than I have to give them).
>
> Robert Frost

Of course the contributors with whom the Corresponding Editor corresponded would sometimes turn up in person. Then of course the anonymity was dropped, and perhaps the visitor went out to lunch with me. One such contributor was Jack London. I found no reference to the *Youth's Companion* in the index to his recent biography: it may have been thought that nobody would believe he had written many stories for so bourgeois a publication; but he did, and it was to discuss these contributions that we went together one day to the Tavern Club. In my privately printed "Semi-Centennial History" (1934) of that club I have related an incident of my lunch with London which may be repeated. Before he parted from me, I led him to the large leather-bound Visitors' Book, and asked him to write his name in it. He turned the pages and, when he found one entirely blank, wrote upon it, in enormous letters, the inscription virtually filling the page;

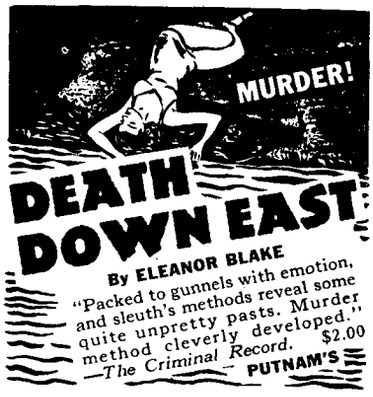
> "Yours for the Revolution
> Jack London."

So it stood in solitary grandeur until a later day when another visitor to the Club was asked to leave his autograph behind him. Instead of taking a page for his name alone, he stopped at Jack London's, and beneath its flamboyance wrote, in the smallest and neatest of English-man-of-letters script,

> "There won't be no Revolution
> H. G. Wells."

Wells, I believe, was one of the English contributors to the *Companion,* as Arnold Bennett was another, enticed by Rideing into the pages of the paper.

These are but random remembrances. They recall a vanished time—and a vanished journal, for alas! the excellent old *Youth's Companion* fell finally on evil days, and, like other things that seemed as stable as the pyramids, disappeared.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THE CORPSE STEPS OUT *Craig Rice* (Simon & Schuster: $2.)	Radio producer, sponsor and artist sensationally rubbed out. Jake Justus clears beautous warbler but misses matrimony with elusive blonde heiress.	Chicago radio biz. background immensely well done, and yarn races up to very end—but solution is very much another matter.	Almost first class
ROLLING STONE *Patricia Wentworth* (Lippincott: $2.)	English sleuth assumes dead malefactors moniker and mien to penetrate secrets of picture-stealing and murderous combine.	Identity of master-mind not long in doubt, but chase is stirring, and red herrings are plentifully distributed.	Light but likeable
MURDER IN MARBLE *Judson Philips* (Dodd, Mead: $2.)	Labor trouble and several fatalities at Vermont quarry stump local hawkshaws. Wealthy Manhattan crime-amateur clears up situation.	Millionaire sleuth and dauntless girl reporter good characters, and marble-dope interesting, but solution of yarn is let-down.	Average
A MATTER OF IODINE *David Keith* (Dodd, Mead: $2.)	American food mfgr. in France on quest for iodine-bearing sea weed runs into some nasty characters and deep brown deviltry.	Starts like winner—good writing, subtly sinister suggestions and all—but brilliant window-dressing can't entirely save rather pedestrian plot.	Unusual

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The Compleat Collector

BY JOHN T. WINTERICH

HANSON R. DUVAL'S "Aldous Huxley: A Bibliography" (Arrow Editions, New York, $7.50) provides an excellent instance of the difficulties under which the anatomist of the books of a still productive author must always labor. Mr. Duval notes in his preface that although a bibliography of Mr. Huxley's works by P. H. Muir appeared in 1927, "since then not only has Mr. Huxley written prolifically but his writings have appeared in periodicals and books of such a wide variety that the need of bringing his bibliography up to date seemed to me essential." But even as Mr. Duval toiled on, so did Mr. Huxley. For at the very end of his text Mr. Duval is forced to note: "Forthcoming publication: It is announced by Harper & Brothers, New York, and Chatto & Windus, London, that a new novel by Aldous Huxley will be published early in 1940 under the title. 'After Many a Summer Dies the Swan.'" Mr. Duval's efforts would have been more helpful had he dated, where possible (and in the case of a contemporary writer it usually is possible), English and American editions, translations, and reprints.

Two recent unpretentious little bibliographies are models of their kind. One is "A Bibliography of the Writings of Irving Bacheller," by Professor A. J. Hanna of Rollins College, Winter Park, Florida, where Mr. Bacheller himself winters. It gives, where available, totals of copies issued, and quotes briefly from contemporary reviews of most titles—a pleasant innovation which, though outside the strictly technical field of bibliography, adds to the referential as well as to the sentimental value of Mr. Hanna's work. Copies of the pamphlet were distributed at the eightieth birthday dinner which Rollins College and St. Lawrence University jointly tendered Mr. Bacheller in New York on September 26th.

The late Kin Hubbard's great comic creation, Abe Martin, was the spiritual descendant of Pudd'nhead Wilson and Poor Richard. Abe Martin's habitat was Brown County, Indiana, a region as rich in local flavor to the Hoosier as is Nantucket to the New Englander. His fame spread far, thanks to press syndication, and Abe Martin became an international celebrity—E. V. Lucas compiled a selection of his loamy aphorisms which appeared in London as "Abe Martin's Wisecracks." Blanche Stillson and Dorothy Ritter Russo have prepared a compact but comprehensive checklist of Kin Hubbard's writings which has just been issued by the Hoosier Bookshop, 2135 North Alabama Street, Indianapolis.

Bibliographies are not necessarily expensive. The Hubbard manual costs fifty cents, and while no price notice accompanies the Bacheller pamphlet, I imagine fifty cents would bring a copy winging from Winter Park.

Alfred Clark Chapin was graduated from Williams College in 1869, during the presidency of the great Mark Hopkins, the executive end of the pinelog. He became a noted New York lawyer, and served as one of the last mayors of the city of Brooklyn. Twenty-five years ago he began assembling a collection of books not for himself but for Williams; his purpose was "to form a well-rounded library, representing in an organized way by means of rare books every field of thought capable of being represented." Thus Lucy Eugenia Osborne, the custodian, in the preface to "A Short-Title List of the Books in the Chapin Library," recently issued by the Southworth-Anthoensen Press of Portland, Maine, in a characteristically admirable format ($7.50).

It is a thoroughly matter-of-fact, businesslike book, as it should be, and as one turns its competently-managed pages one's admiration for the conception and fulfilment of the Chapin idea grows. Mr. Chapin covered "every field of thought" indeed. Miss Osborne has divided the material into twenty-two categories—the main groups are incunabula, Americana, English literature, and American literature. There is an unusually catholic representation of foreign literature. Here are the great Aldine Aristotle of 1495-8 and a complete set of George Gissing, Harvey's "De Motu Cordis" and Whittier's "Moll Pitcher," John Smith's "General Historie of Virginia" and Goethe's "Egmont"—Robert Browning's copy.

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ANSWERS TO QUIZ No. 9

1. Hispaniola, in "Treasure Island," by Stevenson.
2. Hesperus, in "The Wreck of the Hesperus," by Longfellow.
3. Pequod, in "Moby Dick," by Melville.
4. Nautilus, in "20,000 Leagues Under the Sea," by Jules Verne.
5. We're Here, in "Captain Courageous," by Kipling.
6. H.M.S. Pinafore, in "Pinafore," by W. S. Gilbert.
7. Antelope, in "Gulliver's Travels," by Swift.
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9. Cotton Blossom, in "Show Boat," by Ferber.
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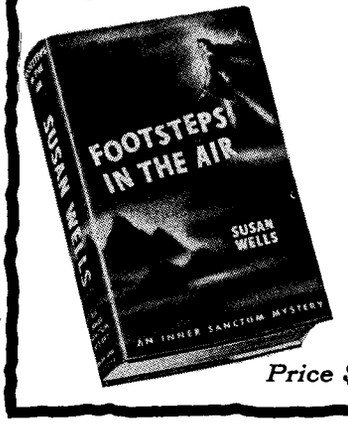

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The New Books

Art

THE BIRTH OF THE AMERICAN TRADITION IN ART. By Oskar Hagen. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1940. 159 *pp., with index.* $3.50.

A healthy concern with significant fact, with the solid portrayal of American character in its environment, has been the constructive force in American art, a current often deflected by artists who, like Benjamin West, practised European mannerisms alien to our effort and our temper. These trace the "polarity" of Smibert and Feke, of West and Copley, of Stuart and Earl in the century before the Revolution, and do so with a freshness of interpretation, a shrewdness of argument, and a keenness of pictorial analysis which go far beyond the recording of artists' biographies and the quarrel over attributions.

Possessing wide knowledge of the European backgrounds of American painting, the author challenges old conceptions, and provides matter for new ones. He attributes the archaisms of the first colonial limners less to their dependence on European models than to their being "Sunday painters"—non-professionals, and for that reason independent of sophisticated tradition. He describes for the first time Smibert's early career in Scotland, England, and Italy, and reinterprets the fragmentary known data concerning Feke in order to prove that Feke, not Smibert, was the constant in the American tradition, which he released from archaism by "setting out in search of the human being," instead of translating American reality into European stylism. He describes in detail the artistic London that Copley knew, and shows Benjamin West,—"Europe's worst daub, poor England's best,"—piecing together his "Erasistratus" from fragments of David and Hamilton, prolonging the sterile and platitudinous eclecticism of Mengs and Battoni, and blighting three generations of American painters. Vigorously and with penetration he describes that richest and most beautiful flower of eighteenth century colonial painting, the work of Copley between 1765 and 1774, which "carried the colonial ideal to its classic consummation."

When Professor Hagen reproduces side by side Feke's "James Bowdoin" and Highmore's "Gentleman in a Murrey Velvet Coat," as evidence that Feke visited London in 1747, his comparison is less than convincing. And when he states that Charles Willson Peale "journeyed all the way from Annapolis to seek instruction from Copley," one recalls the fact that the young radical was forced to make that journey because his creditors in the Court Party threatened to put him in jail. As a whole, however, "The Birth of the American Tradition in Art" deals in a genuinely critical manner with a subject too often approached with inadequate scholarship or with no scholarship at all.

O. L.

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Miscellaneous

MR. SMITH MEET MR. COHEN. By James Waterman Wise and Lee J. Levinger. Reynal & Hitchcock. 1940. 182 *pp.* $2.

This chatty little volume, the result of a collaboration by the son of Stephen S. Wise and a liberal reform rabbi, purports to explain the Jew to the uninformed non-Jew. Proving that the five million American Jews have their roots solidly implanted in native soil, the authors call upon history to testify. They report that Jews landed with Columbus, helped build Colonial America, patriotically fought during the revolutionary and subsequent wars.

Alarmed by the present wave of anti-semitism, Messrs. Wise and Levinger probe its economic base—if only superficially. They carefully differentiate between historical anti-semitism and that brewed by the current depression and Hitlerism. Debunking popular Jew-baiting horsechestnuts, the semi-apologetic authors establish that Jews are mostly members of the middle class; that they dominate in the arts more than in heavy industry; that there is no "single characteristic" of the American Jew.

"Mr. Smith, Meet Mr. Cohen" is sprinkled with easy-to-read facts. Early German-Jewish immigration is contrasted with the later Central-European influx. Aptly chronicled are the contradictions: the manifold (often superfluous) Jewish organizations. Examples: political, religious, fraternal, educational, social, youth, women, Palestinian, overseas relief, domestic relief, etc. "If American Jews are under-united," they are certainly over-organized," the authors observe with an urbane twinkle. Unfortunately, it is doubtful what effect this book will have on both Jews and non-Jews.

J. H. P.

Travel

OUR ARABIAN NIGHTS. By Ruth and Helen Hoffman. Carrick & Evans. 1940. 307 *pp.* $2.75.

It is as thin a tale, certainly, as the Iraqian air, but similarly it is invigorating after last season's sober travel books. Mere notions happen very interestingly to Ruth and Helen Hoffman, the American twins who "married an Englishman" and went to live with him in Iraq, but in this second book there are concrete adventures. They went, among many journeys, to visit the tribe of a Sumer Sheikh. They lived in the harem tent and shared both the excitements and the blissful monotony of tribal ways, gossiping with the women, learning their desert cosmetics, huddling with them during the raid when seventy-eight camels were stolen back by the tribe from which they had originally been stolen. Such raids, the result of blood feuds, were conducted in automobiles, and the Sheikh, wearing glasses, might carry his color camera to record them, but they were still as savage as in Al Rashid's time. The desert radio blahed German propaganda in Arabic while the girls sat listening to tales of jinns, but the jinns were not the less real to the simple tribesmen.

But it is not for these physical excitements that the book is most appealing. It is for the exotic details of housekeeping, of shopping in Baghdad, of social relations in a small English community where to live on the wrong side of the Tigris is a national affront. The Hoffman twins can weigh character as nicely as they can design an iron chair or weave a rug out of coffin lining, and they have an ear—four ears acutely sensitive—for the dialogue of both Europeans and natives. Even their twenty-seven pets are doubly delightful in the authors' own line drawings. But we should feel it unfair to the reader not to advise him that the hare, named Tahir, was nicknamed Rabbit, and that the descendants of Boycat and Girlcat—both cats—were called Bunny Rabbit and Little Girl. Ya Allah!

H. D.

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Trade Winds

BY P. E. G. QUERCUS

EVEN the sapient Virgil was astonished that celestial minds are so prone to ire (Aeneid, I, 11). ☞But if the Bishop of N. Y. really wants something to protest, how's about an advertiser's error of taste: the ads for Pall Mall cigarettes using as part of their trade emblem the motto traditionally sacred, *In Hoc Signo Vinces*. ☞The worst pun of the income tax season was made by Old Q. He told the collector that he had worked so hard for his petty cash, it all had treadmilled edges.

★ ★

☞An Easter ad that pleased an oldtimer who is still a pushover for Kipling (at his best) was Saks-5th Avenue's, about *Failles on Parade*. ☞ Argosy Book Stores, 114 East 59, offer a First of *Sordello* (Moxon, 1840) for $35, with the suggestion that "*Sordello* was to the 1840's what Gertrude Stein is to most of us." ☞Collectors of Wilde should be interested in Argosy's copy of the poems by his mother "Speranza" (Dublin, 1860). The volume is dedicated to Willie and Oscar. ($15).

★ ★

☞The best historical essay we have read in a long while is H. A. L. Fisher's "If Napoleon Had Escaped to America," in his volume *Pages from the Past* (Oxford Press). Mr. Fisher gives a delightful imaginary account of Napoleon's impressions of the U. S. (particularly Philadelphia, where the arrival of Mme. Walewska embarrassed him), his plans for South American empire, his eventual marriage in Peru, and death in a hurricane off Java. Try reading this superb tour de force aloud in a history-minded group. ☞An unusual meeting was the Knot and Rope Festival held lately at the Hampshire Bookshop, Northampton, Mass. Miss Dodd invited the publisher and one of the authors of the remarkable *Encyclopaedia of Knots and Fancy Rope Work* to explain and show their skill. There was much enthusiasm shown; competitions held among local Boy Scouts, etc. ☞Miss Dodd is specially keen about the possibilities of knotwork as amusement for invalids. She herself, when in hospital some years ago, was very happy for two weeks weaving heavy cord into lanyards. ☞It does Old Q.'s heart good when he hears of a bookseller going to town on a specialized book like that.

★ ★

☞Speaking of tales of sea and adventure, Dodd Mead have a corker on the way, *The Wandering Years* by Weston Martyr. Any bookseller who will read that one can sell it. ☞A review that specially pleased Old Q. was Charles Poore's *(N. Y. Times)* of Housman's *Collected Poems*—which, he suggests, "is destined to give the rest of this year's books a lesson in longevity." ☞Another excellent phrase of Mr. Poore's is about "executors middletonmurrying around" among an author's papers.

★ ★

☞Mrs. J. L. Defandorf writes us very entertainingly about the mock trial held by the College Women's Club of Milwaukee. The heroine of a recent novel was called to the stand to testify, impersonated by a charming and courageous member; others served as attorneys for prosecution and defence. ☞The jury was specially warned "not to be catty about Kitty." ☞The verdict was "Read the book and decide for yourself," and the club adjourned for a White Collar luncheon. ☞Harcourt, Brace & Co. have done nothing to discourage the formation of the International Society of Simenon Fanciers, which carries on its letterhead the pleasing jowl of Inspector Maigret and a notable list of claqueurs, the whole alphabet from Djuna Barnes to Stefan Zweig. ☞ Lippincott's have been sending out a lively series of postcards illustrating and quoting from Harold W. Thompson's savory album of York State folklore, *Body, Boots and Britches*.

★ ★

☞The spring frogs are very late this year: they have not yet been heard at the Fantods, L. I. (writing March 17)—perhaps it is due to what Mrs. Alice Bailey calls (in a pamphlet that reached us lately) the present Karmic events. Human beings (and perhaps batrachians too?) are getting their Karma or come-uppance. "The Shamballa energy is making its impact upon humanity directly, not stepped down as hitherto through transmission via the Hierarchy of Masters." ☞Those of good will may learn more about this from the U. S. Unit of Service, 11 W. 42. ☞William J. Henneman, formerly with the Argus Bookshop, has set up for himself at 2427 Eastwood Avenue, Chicago. In his first list Mr. Henneman makes an "earnest and urgent recommendation" of Mortimer Adler's *How to Read a Book*. Among interesting offers listed by Henneman is a First of *The Way of All Flesh* for $35.

★ ★

☞The Free Library of Philadelphia has on display until April 14 an exhibition of 150 years of Printing in English America, 1640-1790, from the collection of Dr. Rosenbach. The copy of the *Bay Psalm Book* (1640), the first book in English printed in America, was found some years ago in Ireland. ☞Another Chicagoan who has gone into business on his own is Max Siegel, late of Carson, Pirie, Scott. Mr. Siegel, author as well as bookseller, is at the Pittsfield Bldg., Washington & Wabash, Chicago.

☞In honor of the rich accounts of good Baltimore food sprinkled through Mr. Mencken's *Happy Days*, the Society of Gourmets, presided over by Mr. J. George Frederick, is giving a Baltimore Dinner to Mr. Mencken, in New York, on April 3. ☞We hope on that occasion Mr. Mencken will moderate some of his comments (which astounded us) on the oyster as something not much relished in Baltimore? ☞Sam Kravitt, photographer (14 East 44) has his own ideas about things. He has photographed everything from World's Fair construction work to the hands of a famous Curator of Rare Books. ☞The latter because Sam saw that the curator's tender clutch of an old folio was the essence of him; more so, maybe, than a portrait of his phiz. ☞But Mr. Kravitt says he'd almost rather take photos of poets than any other subject: because "a poet is always wearing a top hat in his mind." ☞He likes taking pictures of people either when they're feeling proud or feeling licked, no half-way moods.

★ ★

☞"What a poem means," said T. S. Eliot in a lecture one time, "is as much what it means to others as what it means to the author." ☞An Old Mandarin we know once put it thus:—

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SURROUNDED by Hollywood hogwash and ultra civilization, I wonder—are there remaining individuals enjoying unsophisticated living, books, music, travel, sports—interested in correspondence with secretary, twenty-nine, who finds phony scintillation pain in the neck. Box 709-D.

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RESPONSIBLE YOUNG MAN, refugee, varied business experience (export, insurance), typing, shorthand, German, Spanish, excellent English, desires position. Driver's license. Recommendations. Box 711-D.

Double-Crostics: No. 313

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

					1 - Z	2 - E		3 - G	4 - K	5 - X		6 - B	7 - A		8 - W	9 - H
	10 - Y	11 - N	12 - C	13 - F		14 - D	15 - A	16 - V		17 - R	18 - G	19 - P	20 - X		21 - N	22 - E
	23 - T	24 - Z	25 - G	26 - W	27 - H		28 - I	29 - V	30 - E		31 - A	32 - G		33 - E	34 - B	35 - W
	36 - J	37 - K	38 - F	39 - E	40 - M		41 - N	42 - U		43 - Z	44 - D	45 - O	46 - M	47 - P	48 - G	49 - I
50 - H	51 - S	52 - T		53 - W	54 - D		55 - Z	56 - I	57 - F	58 - C	59 - K	60 - L		61 - T	62 - O	63 - P
64 - G	65 - L	66 - X		67 - B	68 - D		69 - X	70 - R	71 - Q	72 - P	73 - Y	74 - E	75 - O	76 - F		77 - Y
78 - X	79 - E	80 - K	81 - C	82 - L	83 - G	84 - F	85 - R		86 - U	87 - B		88 - T	89 - R	90 - W	91 - S	
92 - S	93 - L	94 - M		95 - Y	96 - O	97 - H	98 - Z	99 - D	100 - G	101 - J	102 - P		103 - P	104 - O	105 - L	106 - Q
107 - S		108 - A	109 - G	110 - H	111 - V		112 - T	113 - Y	114 - K	115 - C	116 - R	117 - H	118 - Z	119 - M	120 - U	
121 - C	122 - H	123 - I		124 - P	125 - D		126 - X	127 - A	128 - N	129 - F	130 - M	131 - J		132 - X	133 - U	134 - V
135 - K		136 - H	137 - F	138 - L	139 - B		140 - L	141 - W	142 - I		143 - F	144 - S	145 - G	146 - E		147 - J
148 - Q	149 - B	150 - H	151 - N	152 - X	153 - Y		154 - O	155 - Z	156 - M	157 - H		158 - W	159 - J	160 - V	161 - N	
162 - Q	163 - A	164 - N		165 - C	166 - L	167 - M		168 - X	169 - J	170 - N	171 - C		172 - C	173 - O	174 - P	

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-six words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (1938 edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 15 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Artificial international language (1928).

B. Swift Algerian dromedary.

C. Marlborough's estate.

D. Father of brothers in "Deirdre."

E. Goodbye (slang) (comp.)

F. Opera by Puccini.

G. Cretan poet and philosopher (B. C. 7th Cent.)

H. Unkempt (nonce word, comp.)

I. Burnt, fiery.

J. Variety of crookneck squash.

K. Jauntily careless.

L. Westward.

M. Spartan method of cipher writing.

N. Platforms for loading logs.

O. Barter.

P. Inward, private.

Q. Pieced out.

R. Character in "Amelia" (last name).

S. Turkish prayer rug.

T. Certain slow-moving mammal.

U. National Park in Br. Columbia.

V. Favoring both sides (comp.)

W. Act of buying.

X. Special consideration.

Y. Gnawing, corroding.

Z. Rhapsody by Ravel (English title).

WORDS

7 31 108 163 15 127

139 87 34 67 149 6

121 58 81 165 172 171 115 12

44 68 54 125 99 14

33 2 79 30 39 146 74 22

84 129 57 38 137 76 143 13

109 25 100 3 83 32 64 145 18 48

110 122 50 150 9 157 117 97 136 27

28 142 56 49 123

147 101 131 159 169 36

114 4 135 59 80 37

166 60 65 140 105 93 82 138

94 46 130 167 156 119 40

41 170 11 164 128 151 161 21

154 75 104 96 62 173 45

124 72 174 19 63 47 102 103

71 106 148 162

17 116 89 85 70

51 107 92 144 91

112 52 61 88 23

120 133 86 42

111 160 16 29 134

35 8 26 158 53 90 141

126 69 168 66 20 132 152 78 5

77 95 73 113 153 10

43 55 24 1 98 118 155

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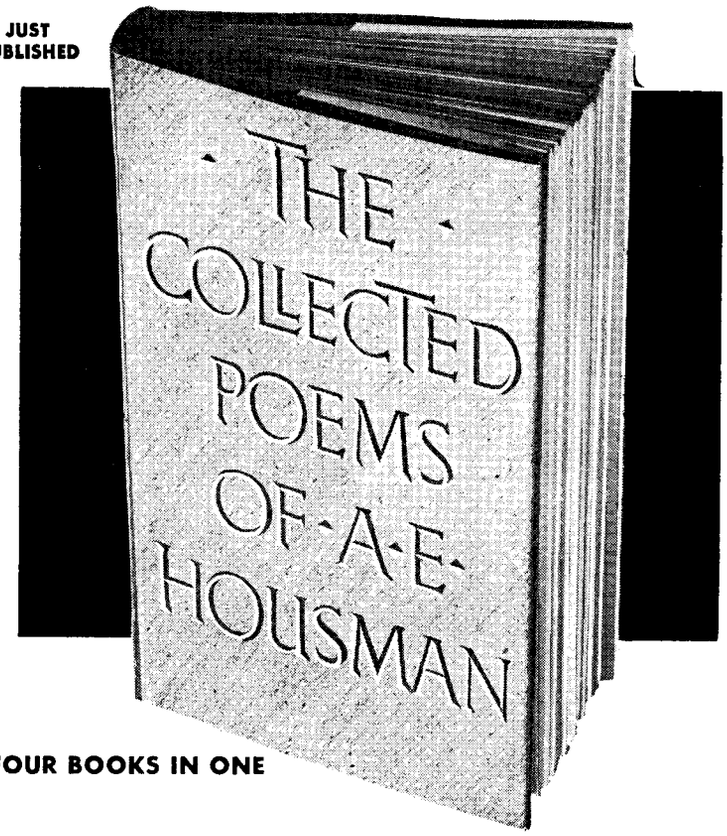

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